



No. 638.—Vol. L.

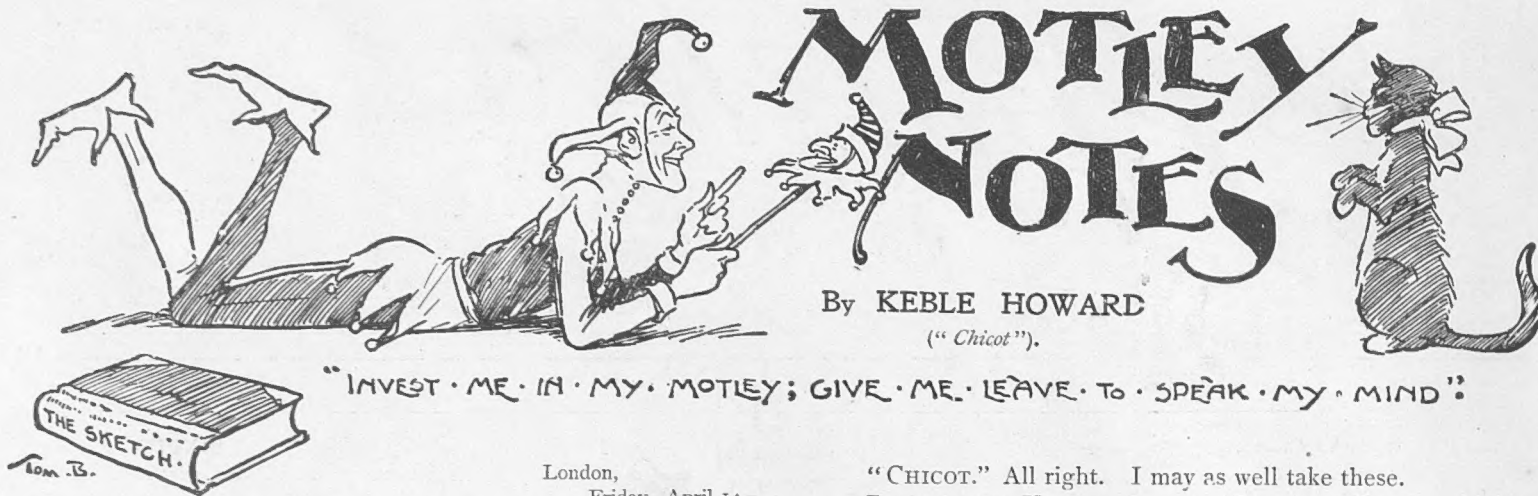
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



"ELLEN ALICE TERRY-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE!": MISS ELLEN TERRY IN MR. BARRIE'S NEW PLAY, AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

DRAWN, AT A SPECIAL SITTING, BY F. ERNEST JACKSON, AND TITLED BY THE FAMOUS ACTRESS.



London,
Friday, April 14.

JUST as every plum has its stone, every motor its horn, and every hansom its looking-glass, so the bright lights of early spring necessitate an immediate visit to one's tailor, one's hatter, and one's bootmaker. I have been passing the whole of this very day with the greedy fellows, and, in exchange for various articles quite unlike anything that I had made up my mind to buy, have given them all the money I had saved against the forthcoming raid of the income-tax collector. My tailor received me with a sickly, distant grin that broadened into a smile of cordiality directly I produced my cheque-book. He said, looking at the edges of my overcoat and the ends of my trousers, that it was a long time since he had had the pleasure of seeing me. I replied, rather haughtily, that I hated new clothes, whereupon he cracked a particularly feeble joke and told off a supercilious assistant to show me the latest things in spring suitings. The assistant, in order to give the trouserings every possible chance, would wrap them elegantly about one of his legs. When I remarked that that was hardly a fair test, his legs and mine being quite dissimilar, he smiled very sweetly, closed his eyes, opened them again slowly, and assured me that that pattern would carry off any kind of leg. I hate my tailor.

For all that, I doubt whether he is quite as objectionable as my bootmaker. The first thing that upset me when I got to the bootmaker's was the discovery, on taking off my right boot, that I had a large hole in my sock. My bootmaker, who was in capital spirits on account of the fine weather, observed that I was the eleventh bachelor who had been into the shop that morning. A slight dispute followed, arising out of the fact that he was too lazy to take the correct measure of my foot. As far as I can remember it, our conversation went something like this—

BOOTMAKER. George, get me down a pair o' them light tans as come in last week. Size ten.

"CHICOT." I take a large nine.

BOOTMAKER. Just give me up your foot again, sir. . . . Yes, I thought I couldn't be mistaken. Ten's your size, sir.

"CHICOT." Well, anyhow, the last pair of boots I bought here were nines.

BOOTMAKER. Indeed, sir? (*After measuring boot.*) Excuse me, sir, but this is a ten.

"CHICOT." Oh, all right! We won't argue about it.

BOOTMAKER. I think I shall be able to fit you, sir. How's that? It seems to slip on nice and easy.

"CHICOT." Bit too easy, isn't it?

BOOTMAKER. I don't think you'd find them any too large, sir, when you came to wear them. Shall I just lace it up for you?

"CHICOT." Might as well, p'raps.

BOOTMAKER. Certainly, sir. George, just lace this boot. Did you send that parcel down to Dover Crescent?

GEORGE. I've bin waiting for the boy to come back from Mayfair Road.

BOOTMAKER. Well, mind as it gets there before four o'clock. There, sir! How's that? I think we shan't better that.

"CHICOT." They're not exactly what I wanted.

BOOTMAKER. No, sir? Well, we can easy slip another pair on if you like. I'm bound to say, though, that, if it was me, I should take that pair. They might have been made for you.

"CHICOT." They seem pretty comfortable. D'you think they'll let in the wet?

BOOTMAKER. Wet? Bless yer, no, sir! You might walk about in the rain all day long in a pair of our boots, and never get a drop through.

"CHICOT." All right. I may as well take these.

BOOTMAKER. Very good, sir. Allow me. Do you think we shall have it fine for Easter?

Incidentally, I saw some extraordinary specimens of feminine headgear during my rambles in shopland. Some of them were so arranged as to hide completely the face of the wearer. I did not resent the shape, however, reflecting that it might have its advantages. One hat in particular forced itself on my attention, for it danced and pirouetted in front of me all the way down Regent Street. It was the kind of hat that is all brim, and, starting from the crown of the wearer's head, grows upwards. The ridiculous effect of this one was enhanced by the simple trick of cocking it on one side, so that, my thoughts being on the country, the head and hat together reminded me of a badly-thatched straw-rick. It is a favourite amusement of mine, by the way, to detach, in imagination, any hat from the head of any wearer. In this case, I discovered that, deprived of the exaggerated, tilted brim, the lady became quite an ordinary little creature with an insignificant, commonplace head. Under the circumstances, therefore, perhaps she was justified in running to such extremes. I wonder how she manages to look striking in the house? Hair, I presume.

Why does a dramatic critic look old sooner than a woman? Because, owing to the very nature of his work, he leads a more emotional life than any other person existing. In one short week he may be called upon to laugh with the gay, cry with the melancholy, exult with the triumphant, hate with the jealous, and die with the weak. If his editor insists upon his working in a matinée or two in addition to evening performances, he may also gasp with the precious and stand on his head with the topsy-turvy. Glance, if you don't believe me, at the theatrical programme for the Easter "holidays." On the Saturday before Easter, the critics will be shedding bitter tears over the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet." On Easter Sunday they will write their notices and, perchance, weep again. On Easter Monday they will gaze rapturously at the beautiful Miss Maxine Elliott, who will be demonstrating, in the meantime, the fate of a woman who elects to go "Her Own Way." On Tuesday they will be stirred to their depths, no doubt, by the strenuous playing of Miss Lena Ashwell in "Leah Kleschna." Wednesday, according to present arrangements, is an off-day. On Thursday, buoyed up by the brief rest and a glimpse of their families, they will attend the first performance of a new musical play at the Strand Theatre. Friday is another off-day. On Saturday, though, they will have to choose between Sir Henry Irving in "Becket" at Drury Lane and the production of "Two Little Michus" at Daly's. On Sunday they will again write their notices. On the following Monday they will pant with excitement over the adventures of "John Chilcote, M.P." On the afternoon of the Tuesday they will study the ins-and-outs of "You Never Can Tell," Mr. Bernard Shaw's nearest approach to comedy, at the Court Theatre. In the evening they will see Mr. Henri de Vries play one part only in a new piece, entitled "Jasper Bright," at the Avenue. On the Wednesday—no; I am not exaggerating—Mr. Charles Frohman has, very considerably, arranged to present Mr. Willie Collier and an American Company in "The Dictator," at the Comedy Theatre.

Notwithstanding, there are people who go about wishing that they were dramatic critics, because it is such a "delightful" way of earning money. "You just go to a play, and sit in the stalls, and enjoy yourself, and write something about it, and get paid." And yet there is no disputing the fact that a dramatic critic looks old sooner than a woman. You have only to look at them to believe it. Poor, gallant, patient little band!

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS: RECOLLECTIONS AND ANTICIPATIONS.



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

The China Sea—Mosquito Tales—A Cobra-Farm—Secret Service.

AT one time, I knew very well those midsummer seas over which the Russian Baltic Fleet is now sailing, and at this time of the year, at the change of the monsoons, there are no smoother or more beautiful waters to be found on any ocean highway than those which lie around Singapore. The sky is silver with still heat, except when some great shower-cloud, with its dependent mane of white rain, suddenly cloaks the heavens; and the sea is all silver, too, with an horizon quivering with heat-mist, in which, as a mirage, are reflected the palm-trees of islands far out of sight round the curve of the world.

The passengers on ships going or coming from China, or Saigon, or Batavia live all day and all night on deck, under a double awning, for the cabins are like the hot-rooms of a Turkish bath, and the scene at night under a tropical moon, when the old travellers have made fast their mosquito-nets to some convenient boom or rope, is very curious. Punkahs go day and night below, except on the Dutch ships, for the Batavians, strangely enough, believe that the wind the punkahs set moving is provocative of fever.

Saigon, which the Russians keep their eyes on as the nearest port of their allies, is a town where the tastes of the provincial Frenchman struggle bravely against the tropical heat. The climate is hotter than that of the islands which lie on the Equator, and the river breeds mosquitoes of an extraordinary size and ferocity; but the exiled Frenchman clings to his life of the cafés, and in the blazing streets and amongst the palms of the environs are countless houses of refreshment, where the French soldiers and sailors, riding royally in rickshaws, pull up to drink iced poison made from rice and to imagine that they are sipping the absinthe of their native land.

Bankok is the only town whose mosquitoes can compare in size and persistency with those of Saigon, and the skippers of ships which ply in the waters of the Far East, when they have no other topic of conversation, romance on the subject of these irritating insects. I once heard one hardened old sinner describe how he caught a Saigon mosquito, striped like a tiger and with long, fierce moustachios, and tamed it, and took it home to his little girl as a pet; but that, unfortunately, it grew so large and so ferocious that it had to be destroyed.

Then the supporter of the Bankok mosquitoes spoke up, after sighing deeply. "I once lost a very dear relative in Bankok through those mosquitoes," he said. "She was a young and very beautiful girl, just the sort the

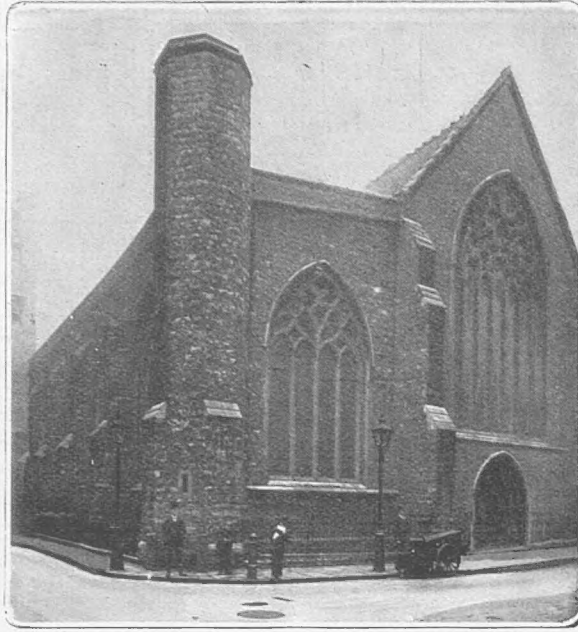
mosquitoes would take a fancy to, and she had been warned to keep her 'quito-bar close-fastened at night. This she forgot to do, and one night three of the mosquitoes found this out. Two of them held up the curtains, while the third one went in and killed her by sucking her blood."

Some enterprising Frenchmen are going to introduce alligators from America into the South of France, not to provide sport, but to be farmed for the sake of their skins. There are farms of this kind in Florida, and the reptiles become comparatively tame. Perhaps the most extraordinary reptile-farm which was ever instituted was one which existed for a time in Bengal. The Government, wishing to keep down the breed of that deadly snake the cobra, offered a reward for every dead cobra which should be brought in to a police-station. The sum was a substantial one, and the wily Hindu saw an opportunity of making money. Therefore, a small syndicate was formed, a nursery for cobras was established, and, when the snakes were old enough, they were killed and sent by the hands of pretended villagers to the police-stations over a wide stretch of territory. It is needless to say that, when this flourishing industry was discovered, it was not encouraged by the Government.

Five Japanese officers have been discovered working as coolies on the fortifications of Vladivostok, and they have paid the penalty which those who play what Kipling has christened "the great game" always risk. Secret Service officers become, in the enemy's blunt vernacular, spies, and are not given the honour of a soldier's death, but are hung, unless there happens to be a scarcity of trees or lamp-posts in the neighbourhood where they are caught. And yet the danger of this Secret Service makes it immensely attractive to a great number of perfectly honourable men who could rise to distinction in any other branch they chose of their country's services.

Both Russia and ourselves have a fringe of secret agents of all grades on our Asiatic frontiers. There is not a movement of a detachment of Cossacks on the Pamirs which is not reported at British headquarters, and there is not a bridge built on either of the railways leading up to the Afghan frontier without a full description of it being filed in the Indian secret archives. So, on their side, the Russians know all the rumours of the Indian frontier bazaars, get into touch with every Mohammedan fanatic who preaches a Jehad against the

British, and know which of the Native Princes are restive under the restraining influence of our Raj. The Japanese Intelligence Department is particularly well served, and I am sure that all the plans of the new fortifications at Vladivostok are well known at Tokio. The five Japanese officers who have been hanged were probably only keeping their Headquarters informed as to what progress was being made with the works.



A CHURCH FOR WHICH £1,000,000 AND A NEW BUILDING HAS BEEN OFFERED: THE DUTCH CHURCH IN AUSTINFRIARS.

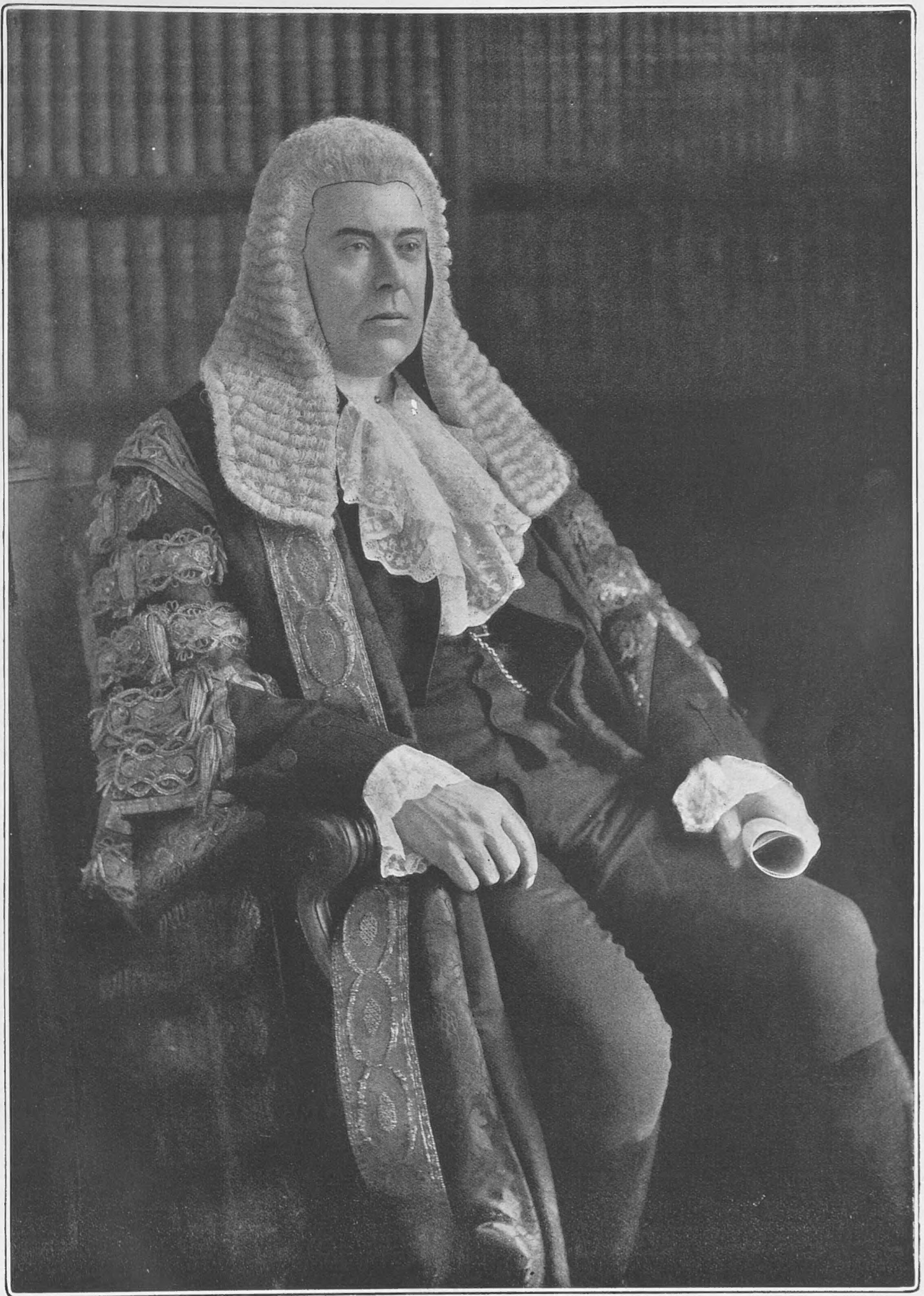
The little Dutch Church in Austinfriars provides accommodation for two hundred people only, but it stands on ground for which an offer of £1,000,000 has been made, with a new church in the suburbs thrown in.



A JOY FOR THE RATE-PAYER!: THE ELEVATION OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL'S PROPOSED £1,700,000 PALACE.

The London County Council states that "delay, waste, and extravagance" have been caused by the scattered way in which it is housed, and proposes to build, on a site between the Belvedere Road and the Thames, a new County Hall. The whole enterprise will, it is estimated, cost £1,700,000, £600,000 of this going for the acquisition of the site, £1,050,000 for the cost of building, etc., and £44,000 for the river embankment. What the rate-payer will have to say to the matter is yet to be seen. Curiously enough, if the new building comes into being, it will be like the old, inasmuch as it will occupy the site of an old pleasure-garden. The present offices are, of course, on the site of the famous Spring Gardens. The Belvedere Road site was once Belvedere Gardens, and later Cuper's Gardens. The plan here shown is only tentative.

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MR. JUSTICE GORELL BARNES.

Sir John Gorell Barnes succeeded the late Lord St. Helier (Sir Francis Jeune) as President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice. He is the son of a Liverpool shipowner, was born in 1848, was educated at Peterhouse College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar in 1876. He has been a Judge of the Division over which he now presides since 1892.

Photograph by Lafayette.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
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The following plays will be given during Shakespeare's Birth Week—APRIL 24 to
APRIL 29 inclusive—
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Matinee, RICHARD II.; Wednesday Evening, TWELFTH NIGHT; Thursday, HAMLET;
Friday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING; Saturday Evening, JULIUS CÆSAR.
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On SATURDAY NEXT, April 22, and every following Evening at 8, ROMEO AND JULIET.
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CHEAP SATURDAY to MONDAY TICKETS, also Special 8-Day Tickets, will be issued to BOULOGNE and CALAIS; and 8-Day Excursions will be run to OSTEND, AMSTERDAM, THE HAGUE, &c. Continental Services as usual during the Holidays. A Special Express will leave Victoria (S.-E. and C.) at 8.50 p.m. for Dover, on Thursday, April 20, in connection with the Boats to Boulogne, Calais, and Ostend respectively.

For full particulars of the above Excursions, Extension of Time for certain Return Tickets, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

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THE WONDER-CHILD OF TO-DAY.

MR. E. H. COOPER has extended his literary benefactions to children from the realm of pure story-telling to that of observation and exposition of child-nature. These elements were, of course, present in his purely imaginative work, but now he has seriously set down a record of experience in nursery and school-room land, which cannot fail to be suggestive as a guide or warning to the modern parent and guardian. For it is with the ultra-modern infant that Mr. Cooper deals. He claims, indeed, to set before us a picture of the "Twentieth Century Child" (John Lane), a being of fine intelligence, wide sympathies, and sometimes of extraordinary accomplishments, scarcely akin at all to the "half-educated, cricket-playing little animals of twenty years ago." He recognises the dangers of this precocity, but there can be no doubt that he is fascinated by it, and that he would regard the so-called "natural" child as a bore, if not a boor. The small product of smart society and boudoirs is, of course, not wholly charming, as Mr. Cooper implicitly admits in his chapter on "Disagreeable Children," and his anecdote is nothing if not edifying and entertaining. The author has a very sympathetic insight into the psychology of his subject, and this is nowhere better shown than in his essay on "Prayers." He handles the crucial question of the disappointment of infant faith, when toys and good things prayed for are not sent, and can only suggest, of course, the ancient and only answer. He sternly disapproves of kind relations "playing Providence": for the prayer answered in this way quickly becomes a tyranny. On the head of original supplications, he quotes at least one gem. A youth, while on his knees, was receiving the bastinado with a hair-brush from a mischievous little sister, when suddenly he broke off his devotions with this apology: "Excuse me, dear Lord, for a moment while I get up and knock the stuffing out of Nellie." The book contains one or two human documents—a biography of a little friend long dead, and a more extraordinary autobiography of one who might have been the archetypal twentieth-century child had she not lived her childhood in the last decade of the nineteenth. The Diary of the Hon. Helen Estcourt-Darcy, aged eleven, is that of a Marie Bashkirtseff in miniature; the same artistic egotism, but, fortunately, little tendency to pessimism even amid overwhelming sorrow. The type is engaging in a perverse way, but one's pleasure therein is chastened by the certainty that this early maturity must mean premature age. If the development is accelerated, we may reasonably dread the appearance of a race that will exhaust the possibilities of life as swiftly as the immortal mortal Solomon Grundy. From this we call on Mr. Cooper to deliver us.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

APRIL 22.

ROYALTY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

EASTER CUSTOMS ON THE CONTINENT.

THE RESERVOIR DISASTER IN SPAIN.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



THE HEROINE AND THE HERO OF AN INTERESTING "ISLAND" WEDDING: MISS FREDA SYBIL GRANT AND MR. WILLIAM GAINSFORD, WHO ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

Photographs by Thomson.



THE fact that Primrose Day falls just before Easter this year is of good omen for those who keep Lord Beaconsfield's memory green at Westminster and elsewhere. The Primrose League is, if one may believe its adherents, as powerful as ever, and has wisely kept itself clear of the fiscal dispute. The great annual

demonstration of the League has been fixed for May 5, and the Albert Hall will be crammed to its utmost capacity when Mr. Balfour gives some account of his stewardship to the most faithful and enthusiastic of his lieges. That same evening the Chancellor of the Primrose League and Lady Louise Loder will receive the delegates at the Grafton Gallery, and, as usual during these two eventful days—for the proceedings are to begin on the 4th—business and pleasure will be happily combined. No great social-political Society has managed to survive more ridicule than has the Primrose League, but it may be safely averred that there is no political party existent in this country or elsewhere which would not give anything in reason and out of reason to secure the help of such an organisation at election-time.

The Mistress of the White House.

The President of the United States, fortunate in many things, has been most fortunate of all in his own home-life. The mistress of the White House has plenty of character and determination. She is her famous



THE MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE: MRS. ROOSEVELT AND HER DAUGHTER ETHEL.

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.

husband's second wife, and they have now been married nineteen years. The prettiest tribute ever paid her as wife and mother came from her outspoken husband, who on one occasion observed,

"Mrs. Roosevelt is as near a pattern President's wife as could be made; she is so broad in her vision, and yet so conscientious in her action. Look at her as a mother! No matter whatever be on hand, she never neglects her children. Then she is never too busy to devote her time to me; she can always manage to go for a walk or a ride if I invite her to go with me." Mrs. Roosevelt has a step-daughter, Alice, of whom the world has already heard not a little, and several young children of her own, including a little girl, Ethel, to whom she is passionately devoted.

An Isle of Wight Wedding.

"The Island," as those who have the privilege of living there affectionately term it, is taking a very keen interest in the approaching nuptials of Miss Freda Sybil Grant and Mr. William Gainsford. The bride, who is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Richard Grant, of Staffa House, Cowes, is well known and popular in that section of Society which looks forward so eagerly each year to the great yachting carnival; and the bridegroom is the only son of the owner of Skendleby Hall, one of the most delightful places in Lincolnshire. Miss Grant will be blessed in the matter of sisters-in-law, for Mr. Gainsford has no less than seven sisters. The marriage is to be celebrated at Cowes on the 26th, which seems decidedly the most popular of Easter wedding-days.

The Pilgrims' Guest.

Mr. Clay Evans, who has just retired from the post of United States Consul-General in England, left London last week, and was the guest of the Pilgrims' on the Wednesday. Mr. Clay Evans is a year younger than the King; he has had a long and most distinguished career in his native country, serving in the Civil War, acting as Governor of Tennessee, and as Commissioner of Pensions at Washington. Some nine years ago he stood second in the balloting for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. His two pretty and clever daughters, who were presented at the first of the winter Courts last year, and who have since been amongst the belles of the Anglo-American set, will be much missed in general society.



THE GUEST OF THE EVENING AT THE PILGRIMS' DINNER LAST WEEK: THE HON. H. CLAY EVANS,

United States Consul-General, who was entertained at a Farewell Banquet on his retirement.

Photograph by Russell.

"Artisan, of Nijni-Novgorod." The Russian Government must have touched Maxim Gorky "on the raw" when it decided to indict him for his share in the protest to the Czar as "Alexis Maximoff Peschkoff, artisan, of Nijni-Novgorod," for there can be few authors, Socialists or no, who would relish the word "artisan" as the official description of their profession. Will Mr. Swinburne and his co-signatories again protest at this further indignity to a brother of the pen?

"Bones."

Just as attention has again been called to the existence of the "Bone Circulating Library," attached to the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York for the benefit of medical students, comes the news of the last days of that other "bony" institution, the "Marrowbones and Cleavers Band," which was wont, for the disbursement of largesse, to serenade the bride and bridegroom at butchers' weddings. The loss will probably be felt less by those who came in touch with the strange orchestra than by the antiquarian; but it may be remarked, in passing, that the performance of the band was by no means as unmelodious as the instruments would suggest. It is amusing to note also that its organisers did not always confine their attention to members of their own business, for we learn that certain weddings at St. George's, of all places in the world, were subject to fees for "His Majesty's Royal Peal of Marrow-bones and Cleavers, instituted 1719," a fact further proved by the action taken against the St. George's "Marrow-bone and Cleaver Club" by the Dowager Lady Harland, who disputed the Club's claim for monies against her newly-married daughter, to whom it had presented its silver plate, ornamented with blue ribbon and a chaplet of flowers.



MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL.

Mrs. Drexel is the wife of one of the best known of the American millionaires of to-day. She is especially interested in yachting, and, in company with her husband, has made some notable voyages.

Castle—which they took one year for the Cowes week—or, best of all, when on the *Margherita*, Mrs. Drexel remains typically American—that is, able to shine in whatever circle she finds herself.

The Author of "Scarron."

Catulle Mendès is one of the most remarkable of French literary men; he has all the amazing versatility of his nation, and it must be confessed that for a long time his works were rarely mentioned to ears polite. Some idea of how he was regarded may be gathered from the brilliant account of him and of his work given in Lemaitre's "Literary Portraits." There, however, may also be found an eloquent tribute to his verse. It is to this earlier and worthier method that M. Mendès has now returned, and his "Scarron," which is delighting the most critical and refined Paris audiences, is actually compared, by many good critics, with "Cyrano de Bergerac." Catulle Mendès was born at Bordeaux, and next month he will be sixty-four, a remarkable time of life for a man to begin making a new reputation, which all those who admire his genius hope will be of a permanent character.

The New Gift to the Nation.

The nation owes a debt of gratitude to the public-spirited Dr. Corbett, who has just presented his late brother's remarkable collection of Nelson relics to Greenwich Hospital. The collection is not only of great sentimental interest, but also of considerable intrinsic value, for much of it consists of fine old silver pieces, which were evidently constantly used by the greatest of naval commanders, both when he was on land and on sea. In this connection, it is curious to note how Nelson's passionate love of his profession influenced him, even in the matter of the decoration of such items of domestic use as a tea-caddy, a pair of salt-cellars, and of a tobacco-box, for on each and all figure cross-anchors. Up to the present time the French have shown a greater sense of the romance of history than we have done in this country, but there are signs that soon London will be as rich in relics of her great sons as Paris is in relics of the men who have helped to make her history.

The Grand Duchess Serge and her Husband's Assassin.

It will be remembered that, five or six weeks ago, a story was circulated describing the visit of the Grand Duchess Serge to the assassin of her husband, and telling how the Duchess had pardoned him and promised to intercede with the Czar for his life. It is now said in Court circles in Russia that the Grand Duchess never saw the murderer, but that she was shown into a cell in which was a policeman who was told off to masquerade as the criminal. Somehow or other, the Grand Duchess found out the trick that had been played on her, and was so indignant that she got the

A Charming Anglo-American Hostess.

Mrs. Anthony Drexel, the wife of the well-known American millionaire, is already familiar to London Society, and especially to that section of it which delights in going down to the sea in ships, for her husband is the owner of one of the finest private yachts in the world, a craft, indeed, that has been described as "quite as big and twice as comfortable as the most splendid of ocean greyhounds." But whether acting as mistress of one of the historic mansions in Carlton House Terrace, or entertaining her own and her husband's friends at Norris

Chief of Police dismissed; but the reason why the Grand Duchess was not allowed to see the real man was that he would not promise not to attack her if she went to his cell. It is believed, moreover, that the assassin is neither a Jew nor a workman, but a Prince and a member of one of the oldest families in the Russian aristocracy.

More New Engagements.

Perhaps the most important of new engagements is that of Lord Aberdour, the son of Lord and Lady Morton, to Miss Brenda Hay, the daughter of the well-known Admiral, Lord John Hay. The marriage will be celebrated early in June, and in the country. Short engagements are evidently the fashion. Following closely on the announcement of the engagement of Captain Vivian Sloane-Stanley and Miss Fanny Hakim comes the news that their marriage is to take place on Easter Tuesday. Lady Katherine Egerton will, it is to be hoped, be married from Bridgewater House, one of the most splendid of London's minor palaces, and a mansion singularly adapted to the giving of a great wedding-reception. Her bridegroom-elect is Mr. Charles Hardy, the son and heir of the owner of Chilham Castle.

"F.R.G.S."? Those learned gentlemen who are entitled to the awe-inspiring "F.R.G.S." after their names will doubtless be up in arms shortly, defending the coveted initials against new-comers whose merits are not likely to fall within those at present recognised by the Society.

The fact is, it is proposed that the grocer's assistant shall, in future, pass an examination in his trade, an examination which will guarantee that the grocer-graduate knows butter from margarine, and one-and-fourpenny from eighteenpenny tea, to say nothing of other niceties. Those who earn certificates are to be entered as Fellows of the Registered Grocers' Society—in brief, as "F.R.G.S." There is the rub: the Fellows of the older Society will have no wish to be confused with the members of the newer, any more than, in all probability, the members of the newer will be flattered at being taken for members of the older, for such is the way of the world. Thus, trouble may be expected.



THE AUTHOR OF "SCARRON": M. CATULLE MENDÈS.

M. Coquelin, the elder, is now playing M. Catulle Mendès' new five-Act "tragic comedy" in verse at the Gaité, and adding to his own laurels as well as to those of the playwright. M. Mendès first shows the poet at the age of twenty-seven, in minor orders, passing through the Kermesse in the train of a bishop, and suddenly making his reappearance as Momus, who is in turn transformed into an ape. In the next Act he is the crippled Scarron of ten years later, his name notorious throughout Paris; in the third he is the Scarron sweetened in mind by the ministrations of Françoise, writing "almost like Corneille"; in the fourth, he surprises Françoise and her lover Villarceaux, and draws his sword on the man, only to fall back paralysed; in the last, the end has come, and the poet dies, dies in cynicism, and yet seeing himself "cast down from heaven, cast out of the hell of chattering apes."

Photograph by Bronger.

delightful place, full of relics and mementoes of a past age, of peculiar interest being the portrait of John Milton as a young man. A source of considerable amusement to Lady Shaftesbury's friends is a room hung round with fashion-plates of old days. Lord and Lady Shaftesbury have two little children—Lord Ashley, who will be five next autumn, and who bears the family name of Anthony, as, by the way, do each of his masculine relations; and a little daughter, named Mary Sibell, after her grandmother, Lady Grosvenor.



THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY.

Before her marriage to the ninth Earl, the Countess of Shaftesbury was Lady Constance Sibell, daughter of Earl Grosvenor, and grand-daughter of the first Duke of Westminster. She was raised to the rank of a Duke's daughter five years ago.

Photograph by Thomson.

The Duchess d'Uzès, and the "Plot" to Kidnap M. Loubet.

It is hinted, doubtless without the slightest foundation, that the versatile and brilliant French Duchess who is a direct descendant of the equally famous Veuve Clicquot has had something to say in the comic-opera "plot" to kidnap Père Loubet, the Presidents of the Legislative Houses, the Ministers, the police, and other authorities. Anyway, the Duchess d'Uzès is a woman of pluck and resource, and it is not her fault that Boulanger did not become Dictator of France. Through her Champagne grandmother, she is a woman of immense wealth, while from her father she inherits the oldest and noblest blood in France. So remarkable are her powers of organisation that, had she not attempted too great a versatility, she might have become a formidable foe to the Republican Government. But a lady who is Master of Hounds, sculptress, novel-writer, and leader of Society in her leisure moments cannot have much time left for plots and counter-plots. The Duchess d'Uzès is closely connected with the Royalist cause, her daughter, the charming young Duchess de Luynes, being the intimate friend and Lady-in-Waiting of the Duchess d'Orléans.

The Japanese Wife of a British Scientist.

Bom! A little, three-plumed arrow strikes a sheepskin drum. The charming Japanese wife of Professor John Milne, F.R.S., is shooting at a target in her husband's seismological laboratory at Shide, in the Isle of Wight. Mrs. Milne was at school in Tokio with the sister of General Oyama, and although it is long since her husband gave up his post in the Tokio University and settled in this quaint old house under Pandown Hill, she loves to think of her own sunny land. "What do you love best to remember about it?" she was asked the other day. "Best I like what is just now in my country—cherry-blossom time, when everybody goes picnic, and all day into the evening all the people run up and down the hilly places and the flat spaces."

She is very bright and merry, and when visiting London delights in the theatre. "I don't like the music-halls," she says; "I like plays—'Two Little Vagabonds' make me cry." On the mantelpiece stands a small stone Buddha which the Professor got from a poor man on the West Coast who was cutting such figures out of the rock. Mrs. Milne, with a whimsical fancy worthy of Barrie, dresses it according to the season. Just now the Buddha has on his head a warm woollen cap like a 'Tam o' Shanter, with three pearl buttons on one side, "but soon, as the weather is getting warmer, I shall give him a lighter cap." In front of the figure is a small porcelain cup on three feet, in which incense is burned, and, although not a Buddhist, Mrs. Milne fancies that whatever she wishes for while she burns incense in front of her little idol always comes to her, which simply means to say that she is singularly contented and happy. Mr. Shinobu Hirota, the Professor's assistant and major-domo, worships his mistress, and her island-neighbours love her alike for her hospitality and for her genial wit.

An Easter Legend.

Easter falls almost as late as possible this year, the latest date on which it can occur being April 25, on which it

will fall in 1943. There is an ancient legend which tells how Satan, after his fall, was brought before the Lord covered with chains, and demanded, "When shall I be set free?" and received for answer, "When Easter falls in May." This the rebel angel knew could never happen, and so he remains chained to the end of time, without hope of release.

Since the introduction of the Gregorian Calendar, Easter has only fallen four times on the earliest possible day, March 22—namely, in 1598, 1693, 1761, and 1818. It has fallen three times on the latest possible date, April 25—in 1666, 1734, and 1886.

A Potsdam Policeman's March.

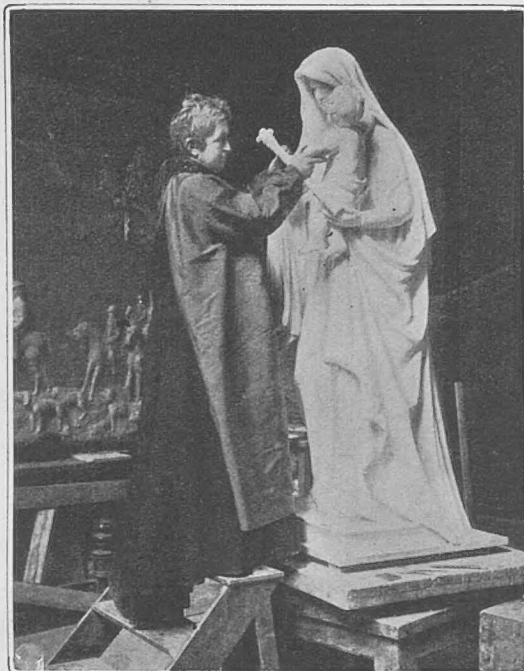
Germany, never to be outdone by Britain, has found a rival to our policeman-painter in the shape of a policeman-musician, a march of whose will, it is said, herald the entry of the Crown Prince and his bride into Berlin. The Kaiser's respect for a uniform, even of the humblest order, must, indeed, be supreme. How else could he have allowed a mere henchman of Potsdam to write the triumphal strains, for an occasion he himself would certainly have loved to mark in similar manner? Happy thought; perhaps His Imperial Majesty will wield the conductor's bâton.

A Meredyth Baronetcy.

The Meredyth baronetcy, to the inheritance of which Mr. George Meredyth, lately cab-owner in Hobart, Tasmania, lays claim, is older than the rival creation of the same name—founded in 1795, and also Irish—by a hundred and thirty-five years. The family has sprung from a very old Welsh stock, of which the first member to migrate to Ireland was the Right Rev. Dr. Richard Meredyth, who was Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns in 1589. The last holder of the title was Sir Edward Henry John Meredyth, Military Knight of Windsor, who died last year, and who was, for a time, a Captain in the 87th Regiment. The claimant is his cousin—the son of Major Charles Burton Meredyth, of the Royal Marines, by his second wife—who has been in Tasmania and Australia for the past three-and-fifty years—since he was twenty, in fact—fourteen years as a policeman in Hobart, and twelve as a cab-driver. The estate accompanying the title is a small one of some four hundred and fifty acres in Kilkenny.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain has received numerous congratulations on his Budget speech, even, it must be presumed, from income-tax payers. It was his most successful effort in his present post. Last year he was confused and hesitating, but on this occasion he was clear as well as brief. The House likes Mr. Austen Chamberlain because he is attentive to his duties and obliging to members. He looks a model of diligence, method, and spruceness. One of his minor characteristics is that he has taken lately to the wearing of his hat in the House. He is almost the only member of the Government who adopts this old practice. His likeness to his father is more than merely physical—dependent upon other things than a clean-shaven face and a monocle—for the "J." which comes unobtrusively before "Austen" is the outward and visible sign of the "Joseph" the champion of Fiscal Reform has made famous.



THE COMIC-OPERA "PLOT" TO KIDNAP PRESIDENT LOUBET: THE DUCHESS D'UZÈS, Who has been said to have been concerned in the alleged undertaking. Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.



THE JAPANESE WIFE OF A BRITISH MAN OF SCIENCE: MRS. MILNE, WIFE OF THE DISTINGUISHED SEISMOLOGIST, Playing at one of the games of her nation in her husband's laboratory at Newport, Isle of Wight. Specially Photographed for "The Sketch."

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT'S SHORT STORIES.*

"TALES of the Youth of the World," Mr. Hewlett calls the four stories in his new volume. The world was young indeed when his characters sported in love and war, in the full-blooded fashion we all remember in "The Forest Lovers" and "The Little Novels of Italy." Italy, Renaissance Italy, is of inexhaustible resource to Mr. Hewlett. Its principalities and powers were so delightfully unscrupulous; its prelates so bland and ferocious; its women so seductive; its warriors and poets as ready with the neatly chiselled phrase as with the dagger-thrust. With a nice sense of anatomy, the dagger usually found its home between the neck and the collar-bone. Nobody had better reason to know that than Nello Nelli, whose mother was a "ruddy-haired laundress," and who was fathered, according to the easy manners of the period, by a scribe in a monastery. Nello acquired a very considerable stock of learning under the care of a married lady, who was not so strait-laced as Werther's Charlotte. Nobody was strait-laced in the Renaissance Italy. At Mantua Nello was a very pretty scholar, and "could compliment a lady or flatter a great man with any courtier in Lombardy." The lord paramount of Mantua had two sons; and the elder of them had his head cut open with the edge of a silver goblet wielded by the infuriate hand of La Pernetta, a damsel of light behaviour. At a rollicking feast she was so moved by a chaste and tender ballad of Nello's that she wanted to repent there and then; and the mocking Federigo, for trying to spoil the penitence, received that knock aforesaid.

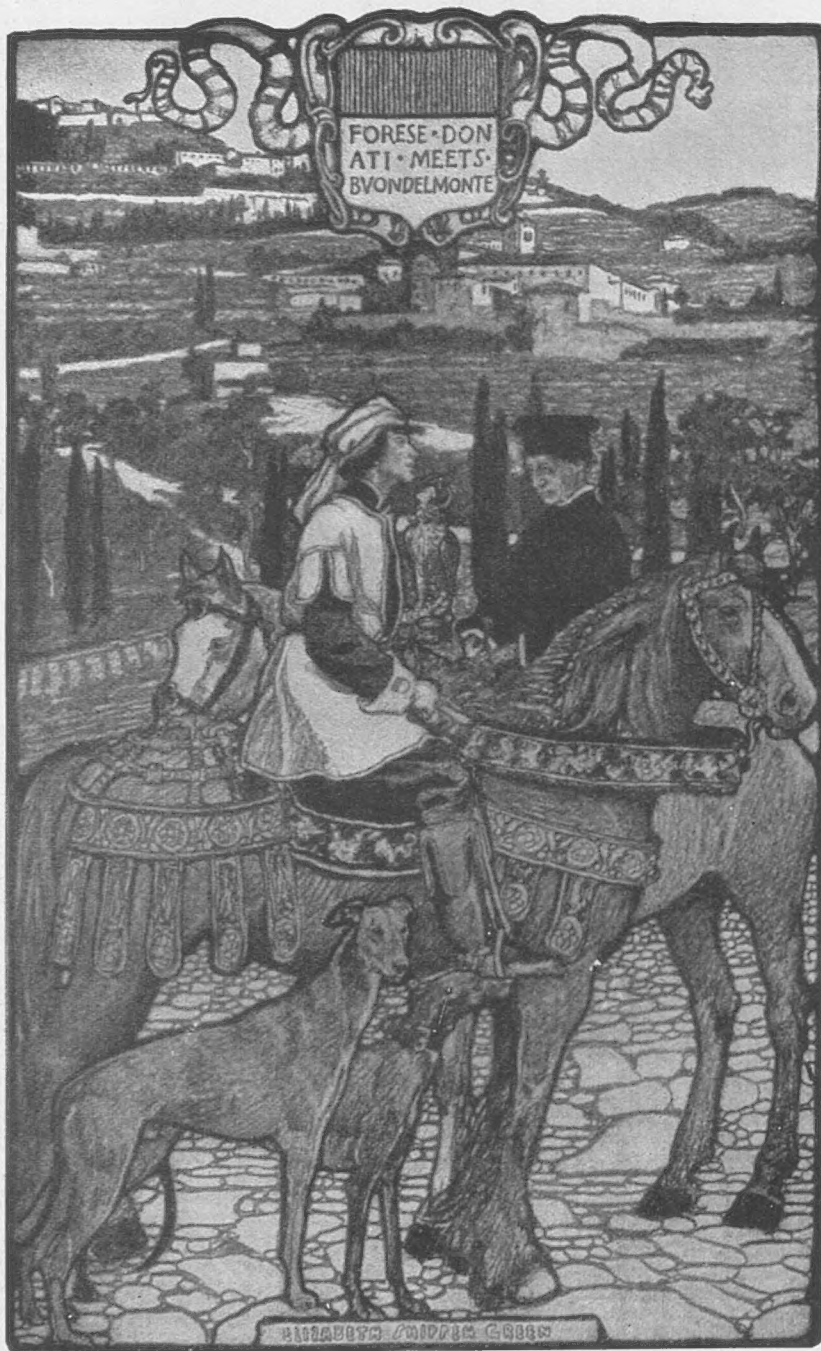
Very handsomely, Nello took the blame for this mishap on himself, and after spending a night in the cage of condemned criminals (his poetical reflections on the dawn are in the author's best manner) he was graciously received by the Cardinal of Mantua, who pardoned him (Federigo's head not being past mending) and appointed him private secretary. All would have been well with his fortunes, but for his passion for Emilia, a very pale and demure young woman from a castle on the Venetian border, who was a maid-of-honour to the Duchess of Milan. A barbarous youth named Simone had forcibly betrothed himself to her when she was only twelve; and she was but sixteen or so when Nello first beheld her. Renaissance beauty played the deuce at an age when your modern comeliness is still in the stage of short frocks and bread-and-butter. The meek and dove-like Emilia turned every head, even the Cardinal's. That dignitary,

as Nello perceived, was a "monstrous big dog in full cry." Then there was Simone, whose coat-of-arms entitled him to the cheerful appellation of the "Black Dog"; he, too, was on the trail, when he was not pillaging up and down the land, and illustrating the Renaissance rules of war by hanging women and children. Nello found himself "a third hound in the Love Chase." But the spirit which had moved him to save the Pernetta called for a still greater sacrifice. He could not win Emilia, though she preferred him to the other dogs; he could only save her from the Cardinal and throw her into the arms of Simone.

For this service he received from the justly indignant prelate who had befriended him that scientific stroke of the dagger between the neck and the collar-bone. Luckily he survived it, wedded the Pernetta, and devoted his days to peaceful scholarship and the Muses.

This is the longest story of the four, and is told with even more than Mr. Hewlett's customary richness of embroidery. There is scarce a page that does not tempt to quotation. Take this picture of Emilia asleep in the garden: "In sleep the simple thing you are, or may be, the child, the savage, or the beast, comes out and sits upon your quiet brows, and looks about him. The cage-door is open, the keepers are away; out he comes; you may see him if you watch. The child within Emilia sat now full-faced, without fear, for Nello to wonder at. All her defences were down, all the little make-shifts of her daily life, which he found so pathetic, and loved because he pitied—the anxious lift of the eyelids at some strange advance, the quick response of the brows, the fixed smile on the lips, which commits you to nothing—smoothed away now by sleep's soft palms!" Of the other stories, "The Heart's Key" is a tale of chivalry in France about the time of King John. Two knights and a monk swear revenge on the Lady Sall because she has flirted with them in turn. They thrust her out of her castle in her shift in the dead of a winter night, with no companion but a humble minstrel. "How low can we drag the woman? What kennel can we get black and thick enough for her who mocks good lovers?" She had not mocked them

at all, but had given small rewards for their homage, at the instigation of her sister, a designing hussy. She was dragged so low that no deeper abasement was left for her; but the faithful minstrel consoled her in the end. "Brazenhead the Great" is a rambling, impossible tale of Jack Cade and a confederate of his, who bears a strong family likeness to Ancient Pistol. The vapourings of this worthy are very funny. Finally, we have Italy again in "Buondelmonte's Saga," which ends with the dagger between the neck and the collar-bone because the hero, in his matrimonial quest, changes his mind and offends some high-spirited families. This story is a trifle dull; but the others are as racy as Mr. Hewlett can make them.—L. F. A.



"YOU SHOULD MARRY," SAID FORESE.

Reproduced from "Buondelmonte," by courtesy of the Proprietors of "Harper's Magazine."

*"Fond Adventures." By Maurice Hewlett. (London: Macmillan.)

MISS EVA MOORE'S SECOND APPEARANCE UNDER MR. LEWIS WALLER'S MANAGEMENT.



THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS AS LADY MARY CARLYLE IN THE REVIVAL OF "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE," AT THE IMPERIAL.

Miss Eva Moore's assumption of the rôle of Lady Mary Carlyle, originally created by Miss Grace Lane, marked the second occasion on which she has been a member of Mr. Lewis Waller's Company. Her first appearance with Mr. Waller was at the Globe Theatre, where she played Gabrielle de Chalus in "The Three Musketeers."

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I SEE that Canon Lyttelton's troubles have commenced already. The Headmaster-elect, who is known to be the holder of many unconventional opinions, and to possess the courage of them, has received, at the instance of the Humanitarian League, a memorial dealing with the College Beagles. The humanitarians suggest that the drag-hunt would be much better from their standpoint, and that it would do nothing to spoil the exercise that is the special object of these expeditions. The Humanitarian League has been doing its best for the Berkshire hares these many years, and the latest memorial is signed by many men who cannot be suspected of undue sentimentality, including Lord Wolseley, Sir Frederick Treves, Sir Edward Russell, Dr. Jonathan Hutchinson, Sir Edward Fry, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Sir J. S. Burdon-Sanderson. The hare is a singularly timid and in-offensive animal, greatly persecuted and tending to disappear, so field-life lovers will not regret Canon Lyttelton's decision should it favour the memorialists. Some people seem to fear that young Britons will grow up to be effeminate if they are not allowed to kill things while they are in their teens, but the fear is decidedly far-fetched. If we omit fox-hunting, there is little in British sport that does more than amuse its followers. Tracking the Highland deer is really valuable experience and exercise in combination, but how few of us can hope for a day's stalking in the British Isles.

War Stores.

A case recently decided in the Law Courts recalled some of the mismanagement from which this country suffered in the Boer War. I was discussing the question of Army stores with a friend who is prominently associated with a great industrial undertaking, and he told me a curious little story. At the beginning of the War, a Government order for certain food was given to a well-known firm. The order was fulfilled, and at the end of the War a large part of the supply, now in a very damaged condition after twelve thousand miles of travel and exposure, remained unused. It was put up for sale and sold at rubbish rates. The buyers, crafty men and not over-scrupulous, went to the manufacturers. "We have so many thousand dozen of your goods," they said; "we bought them at the recent sale. Would you like them?" The firm replied that they did not wish to buy back. "Very well," said the owners of the damaged goods; "we don't wish to press the matter, but, if the stock we have bought should have deteriorated, your business might suffer considerable damage when it goes into the market." There was no mistake about the danger or the threat, and the firm was compelled to buy back the damaged material at the price charged when it was fresh and good. The contractors would have done better to have declined the Government order.

Snow in April. To most of those who happened to be in the country when April brought a heavy snow-storm in her train, the event was one of passing interest and no more; but to fruit-growers and farmers it was quite otherwise. In many parts

of the North, the lambing season was in full swing when the snow came, and, as it covered the hillsides, many lambs were put to sleep before they were really wide-awake. The loss to farmers in the more-exposed districts must be very considerable. Further South, in orchard-land, where one could ride for miles without losing sight of a broad expanse of blossoms, the visitation of the snow was equally disastrous, and thousands of trees will yield no harvest to their owners. We townsmen want no more than a few days to enable us to forget the snow-storm, but farmer and fruit-grower will have occasion to remember it down to the time when winter returns in its due season. An old farmer who was hard hit by the storm summed up the case to me last week in a sentence. "If the weather is against us, the crop is poor," he said; "if the crop is a good one, prices go down, until it's hard to sell at a profit."

"Semana Santa." In view of the cold spell in England and the extraordinary heat-wave that has visited Spain, most people will envy the fortunate few who are spending their Easter holidays in Andalusia. Sevilla is the most interesting city of

the southern province during the "Semana Santa," and so keen is the demand for rooms that, if you take up your quarters in one of the city's hotels as early as January, and say you propose to make a long stay, you will inevitably be told that prices will be doubled for Holy Week. It is a season of great religious festivals in the Cathedrals, the famous dancing-boys are to be seen then, and the processions reveal the wealth of the Church in Spain. There



HEROINES OF AN UNFOUNDED RUMOUR: FISHWIVES OF THE COVENT GARDEN OF PARIS, WHO WILL NOT, AFTER ALL, BE TURNED OUT OF THE HALLES.

The rumour that went forth recently as to the coming disappearance of the Ladies of the Halles, the fishwives who have for so many years graced the Covent Garden of Paris, proves to be a canard. The "Dames de la Halle" still are, and will remain, in their old place, and the Fishmarket's daughter—at all events, the daughter of its President—is this year the Queen of Queens herself, Mademoiselle Troupel, who, although a dressmaker by trade, owes her eligibility for the purple to the fact of her birth.

Photograph by A. Hauteœur.

are very special bull-fights, too. I have known as many as eight bulls to pay the death-penalty in the presence of a crowded gathering that has seen with keen enjoyment the long-drawn-out sufferings of some two dozen horses. English and American visitors are relied upon for a considerable expenditure, and the year of the Spanish-American War was a very bitter one for Sevilla. When peace was restored, Americans were quite welcome to return. A quarrel can be picked up at any time, but "Semana Santa" comes no more than once a year.

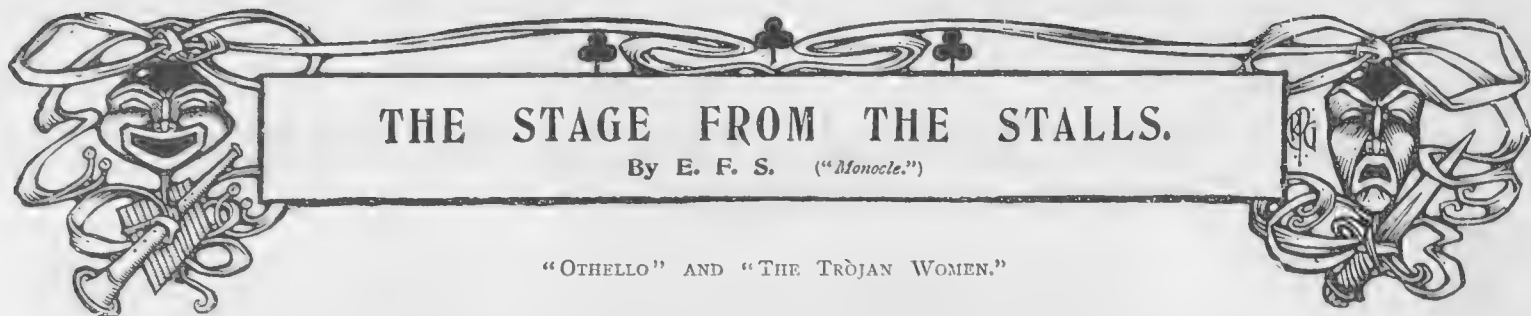
In Jerusalem. The other-world city best worth visiting at this season is, of course, Jerusalem. Perhaps the average traveller feels a little astonished and displeased when he finds that the Holy City is the terminus of a small railway-line, and boasts a station covered with advertisements and not innocent of hotel-touts. In most aspects, however, the East predominates, and at Eastertide the followers of Greek Church, Roman Church, Mohammedanism, and Judaism want very little encouragement to indulge in free-fights that are well worth watching. Half a chance is considered quite chance enough at a time when half-starved pilgrims from many countries are living on religious enthusiasm instead of food. Fanatics of all the jarring faiths are to be met in the streets, and if the representative of one sect comes too close to the sacred place of another, law and order are completely overlooked,



MISS MABEL GREEN, WHO WILL PLAY MARIE BLANCHE AT DALY'S.

Mr. George Edwardes will present M. Messager's "Les P'tites Michus," of which the English title has now been changed from "Two Little Girls" to "The Little Michus," on the 29th. As we have already announced, Miss Adrienne Augarde will play one of the two heroines, but Miss Maggie May will be replaced by Miss Mabel Green, who made her first appearance in "The Cherry Girl," and has since played in "The Cingalee."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"OTHELLO" AND "THE TROJAN WOMEN."

IT appears that the publishers of music have syndicated or co-operated on a basis of not publishing anything more till the law is altered, and it may be fancied that the book-publishers have found that union is strength, and money is to be made by pushing the non-copyright author of "Hamlet," "Othello," etc. At any rate, they must be revelling in the sales of his plays that serve the general herd, and of the commentaries, criticisms, notes, analyses, and the like for the benefit of those condemned to write about the dramas. Yet, doubtless, it would be unjust to suggest any such reason for Miss Tita Brand's season of "Othello" at the Shaftesbury, an affair which, if successful, would gladden all of us, since the attempt is bold and modest. Of course, the production may be successful, despite the guarded praise of the critics, and there were some of the audience who exhibited enthusiasm, a little misplaced, it may be, since, after the seventh or eighth call, they howled even for the author, and were gratified by the appearance of a gentleman in evening-dress, who neither resembled any known picture of Shakspeare, nor of the author of "The New Atlantis." Whatever must be said in disparagement of the enterprise, no one can deny that, if Johnson's phrase be true, it contributed a good deal to the paving of a certain place. We all recognise the fact that "Othello" is one of the few absolute masterpieces of the stage. The mounting of it at the Shaftesbury is handsome and discreet; the text is treated reverently; a very promising young actor represents the Moor; a lady of talent, experience, and charm is the Desdemona; and Mr. Barnes, not long ago a fascinating *jeune premier*, lately an admirable character-actor, figured as Iago. One would think that the genius of the author would lift the players; he can hardly have expected better work, particularly with a lad to play Desdemona, yet one praises "without prejudice," one is interested, not thrilled, and regretful, but hardly reproachful.

Like some other recent ventures in the play, the production presented no triumph. Miss Brand has not improved her position on the stage by a Desdemona which only showed how well the part could be played by an actress rather ill-chosen for it, but possessed of intelligence, charm, and skill. Mr. Hubert Carter suggested that he will be able really to present Othello some day, but is not quite ripe for the task as yet. The least hopeful was the bluntly Britannic Iago of Mr. Barnes, to whom playgoers owe much for admirable work in the past which makes one think rather in sorrow than in anger upon his peculiarly unsubtle performance as the malevolent-ancient. No doubt, one may say a good deal in defence of his acting or "reading" of the part, on account of its simplicity and avoidance of the fault of direct communication to the audience of the fact that he is a villain; but the answer is that the

part is essentially highly coloured, and fails unless the player gives an impression of almost fiendish malice. Miss Granville's last scene was quite a triumph of fury for her, even if, somehow, it did not seem quite the fury of Shakspeare's Emilia. An excellent Cassio, in the person of Mr. Henry Ainley, helped several scenes materially. A clever performance as the sometimes omitted Bianca was given by Miss Lydia Busch. On the whole, I think that the most satisfactory work was that of Mr. A. E. Anson as Brabantio.



Cassio (Mr. Henry Ainley). Emilia (Miss Granville). Desdemona (Miss Tita Brand).

"OTHELLO," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.

deniable. Yet to the general public it will not be strange if it be "caviare." Still, it makes no extravagant demands on the spectator in the shape of knowledge, and, particular passages apart, may be taken as giving an impressive, pathetic picture of the conclusion of many great sieges. The nobility of the verse, finely rendered by the translator and admirably spoken by most of the company, made the gloomy, painful work very impressive. Nevertheless, whilst, with very little knowledge, one can see how deeply the play touched those for whom it was written (without, indeed, obtaining the first prize), the fact is that we are inevitably mere curious, idle spectators, only to be caught by its inherent qualities and unaffected by any thoughts of its relation to our life and history. Consequently, a work whose chief form of progress consists in piling up the

agony, in mounting woe upon woe, is a little too trying. There are moments when one is tempted to utter the paradox quoted by Bacon, "The better the worse." Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison, the Andromache, was perhaps the most successful of the many valuable artists, and her charm and sincerity were of great value in the performance. Miss Edyth Olive as Cassandra, the unhappy prophetess, only fell short of her



PRODUCED FOR A WEEK'S LONDON RUN: "THE OFFICERS' MESS," AT TERRY'S.

"RUINED! RUINED!"—ACT II.

"The Officers' Mess; and How They Got Out of It," to give it its full title, is evidently intended for provincial consumption, judging from its methods, and from the fact that it was announced for a London run of a week only. Book and lyrics are by Mr. Cyril Hurst; and the music by Mr. Mark Strong, with "additional numbers" by Miss Emily Beatrice Gadsdon.

Photograph by Denton.

Phædra because the part is less effective. Miss Gertrude Kingdon gave the one note of cheerfulness in the piece by her clever, characteristic acting as Helen. Miss Marie Brema, the Hecuba, certainly was dignified, and in some scenes deeply moving. As the title suggests, the male parts are relatively unimportant.



THE LATEST AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH OF SIR HENRY IRVING, WHO BEGINS HIS SEASON AT DRURY LANE ON THE 29TH OF THE MONTH.

Sir Henry will open his campaign with Tennyson's "Becket," which he holds "a very noble play, with something of that lofty feeling and that far-reaching influence which belong to a passion-play," and, although he has at present arranged to play it for twelve nights only, he will, doubtless, lengthen the run should his public desire it, as it is likely to do. He will probably be seen also in other favourite rôles.

Photograph by Warwick Brooks, Manchester.

Henry Irving

A COMPETITION TO PROVIDE A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE MATINÉE-HAT:

MERE MAN HAS SOMETHING TO SAY.



DESIGNS BY MM. ALBERT GUILLAUME (1), LELOIR (2), CAPIELLO (3), ABEL-FAIVRE (4), LUCIEN MÉTIVET (5),
CARDONA (6), ROUBILLE (7).

A COMPETITION TO PROVIDE A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE MATINÉE-HAT:
WOMAN'S SUGGESTIONS.



Before deciding to forbid the matinée-hat altogether, the managers of certain of the French theatres have expressed themselves desirous of testing substitutes. To assist them in the matter, and to give the public a chance of voicing its opinion also, a French paper has started a competition, asking its readers to vote for the head-dress of their choice.

CURTAINS CARICATURED: V.-OPERA.

TYPICAL FINALES AS SEEN BY THE COMIC ARTIST.



Mysterious Count
(Baritone—very).

Interesting Mother
of Restored Child.
Restored Child (with Licence and Humorous
Comments supplied by the Police Magistrate).

Peasants, Soldiers, and Soloists.
Honest Brigand-Chief (*Her restorer*).
(without which no opera is complete).

Aged Person
(with Witch-like proclivities).

Vengeful Child-stealer.

Officer of the Royal Retreaters.

“IL BASSO PROFUNDO.”

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

Art and the Man.—By Frank Reynolds.



IV.—THE SOCIETY PAINTER.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

TO the April number of the *World's Work and Play* Mr. Percy Cross Standing contributes an interesting article on "Commerce in Literature and Music." Some of the statements, however, must be corrected. Mr. Standing says: "I believe I am correct in stating that Miss Brontë received £5,000 for more than one of her novels." As a matter of fact, Miss Brontë received £500 each for the copyright of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette." No extra payment of any kind was made to her. After her death, £250 was paid to her executors for the copyright of her novel, "The Professor." I should doubt whether Mr. Hall Caine has amassed £100,000, or anything like it, by the literary and dramatic rights of "The Christian." Mr. Standing says that Lord Roberts received £10,000 for his famous "Forty-one Years in India." This is also questionable. The arrangement was that the book should be published on commission. Thus the profits, minus the publisher's commission, went to the author. The tendency is to exaggerate the prices paid for successful books, and also, I fancy, for successful plays.

A lady is still living who heard Edgar Allan Poe read aloud his "Raven," "Annabel Lee," and "Ulalume." Miss Susan Ingram, who now lives in New York, met Poe in the company of some friends a little more than two weeks before his death. She expressed her special admiration of "Ulalume," and Poe was so pleased that he sent her afterwards a manuscript copy of the poem. This manuscript Miss Ingram has recently sold for a thousand dollars. During Poe's lifetime he considered himself lucky if he earned five hundred dollars in a year. His wife died as much from want of proper care and nourishment as from actual starvation.

An article on "Reprints and their Readers," in the *Cornhill*, by Mr. Joseph Shaylor, is, naturally, attracting attention. Mr. Shaylor, as the manager of Messrs. Simpkin, has almost unrivalled opportunities of knowing how books sell. But perhaps a just criticism is that Mr. Shaylor has said so little about the reprints of some twenty years ago, such as the "Camelot Classics," published by Walter Scott, and Henry Morley's "Universal Library," issued by Messrs. Routledge. These were very cheap, and, in some respects, superior to any of their successors. There were also the threepenny reprints of Messrs. Cassell and Messrs. Ward and Lock. Though the circulation was very good, it was, perhaps, not quite remunerative. The time had hardly come for a sufficient sale. It may be hoped that the hour of fortune has now struck. The "World's Classics" are understood to have been remunerative from a pecuniary point of view, and the promised Library of Messrs. Nelson is to be half the price. If our education system has, at last, succeeded in creating a wide reading public able to appreciate the best literature, we may more readily put up with the rates.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett has been meditating a character-study as a relief from continued novel-writing, and had some thought of taking Cardinal Beaton as his subject. Probably, however, he will be persuaded into continuing his work in fiction.

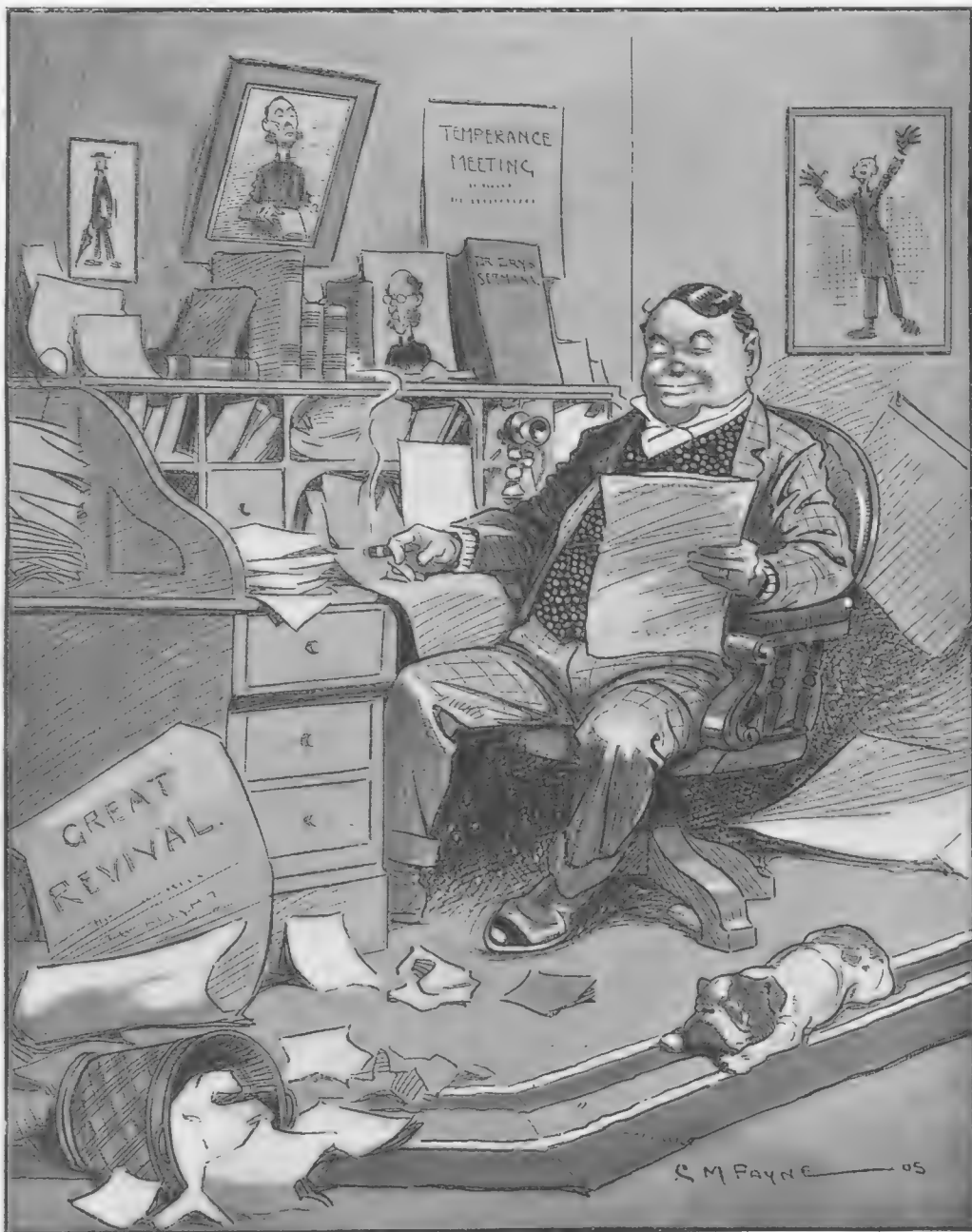
It has generally been supposed that the infamous attack on "Christabel" in the *Edinburgh Review* was written by William Hazlitt, though Mr. Dykes Campbell, in his *Life of Coleridge*, speaks with some reserve. A critic in the *Athenæum* has gone thoroughly into the subject, and has established the melancholy fact that this lasting stain on English criticism is specially a stain on one of the greatest among English authors.

In April 1816 Coleridge had taken refuge in Gillman's house in Highgate, and had sought work on the *Courier*, a semi-official organ of the Ministry. This enraged Hazlitt, who resolved, if possible, to attack, and, if possible, disable the man who had turned to the other side of politics. "Christabel," a manuscript copy of which was owned by Hazlitt's wife, gave the opportunity. The poem appeared on or about June 1, and on the 2nd the *Examiner* printed the review. This review contains, as is shown, many pet phrases of Hazlitt. In September appeared the second assault on "Christabel," and this time the organ selected was the *Edinburgh Review*. It is truly amazing that Jeffrey should have printed the article, for it taunts Coleridge on his intemperance, hints that he is under medical restraint, and charges him with covert obscenity. A comparison of the article in the *Edinburgh* with that in the *Examiner* shows that the two are the work of the same hand. Hazlitt was perfectly aware that the poem which he tried to make the world believe was utterly worthless was, on the contrary, supereminently good. Political animosity may account for much, but there was an intensity of

bitterness and a wanton savagery in Hazlitt's campaign against "Christabel" which it is very difficult to account for even in Hazlitt.

Bliss Carman, the Canadian poet, has been re-reading and reviewing Mr. Swinburne's poetry, after a lapse of years. He thinks that, "while the beautiful masterpieces of other great Victorians are as potent as of old, his have, somehow, lost their charm. Why is it that 'The Scholar Gypsy' and 'Thyrsis' continue to allure us, while 'Ave Atque Vale' appeals to us almost in vain?" Mr. Carman thinks that Mr. Swinburne has never comprehended the value of economy in art. It has never occurred to him that reiteration is almost always a mark of weakness. He has never perceived what power there is in being concise. He is, as was said of Gladstone, "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and can never be quenched so long as there is an adjective left in the dictionary. He must exhaust the very resources of language before he can desist."—O. O.

LITERARY MISFITS.



POSSIBLE EDITORS OF POSSIBLE PAPERS: IV.—THE EDITOR OF THE "CELESTIAL CHRONICLE," AND THE "REVIVALIST'S REVIVIFIER."

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE.

THE EASTER MANŒUVRES: AFTER THE BATTLE.



THE SMALL BOY (*to the Volunteer Officer who experiences difficulty in keeping up with his 'Company'*): Stick to it, Colonel.
It's down 'ill soon—then you can roll.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

CARE NEVER KILLED A KITTEN.



PROTECTED.



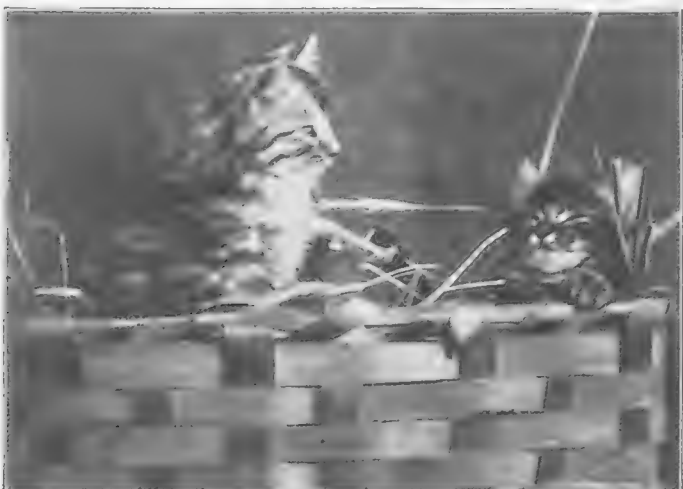
REFUGEES.



OFFICE WORK.



UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG.



AT PLAY.



"WHO'S DAT A-CALLIN'?"

Photographs by Martin J. Ridley, Bournemouth.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE REAL LADY HERMIONE.

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE grassy slope half-way down the cliff inclined at exactly the right angle. They leaned comfortably back, and watched the sea.

"I think," said the girl, softly, "it's perfectly wonderful."

"The sea?" he inquired.

She half turned her head towards him, and smiled.

"Me?" he hazarded, hopefully.

"Perfectly wonderful," she explained, "that no one else has chosen to come and sit here this morning."

He pulled his hat further over his eyes.

"That wasn't," he remarked, "what you were going to say; but no matter. Did you observe that I carried a large, flat packet with me this morning?"

She nodded, without interest.

"And that there is a wooden post on the cliff above us?"

"Yes."

"The packet," he explained, lazily, "was a placard marked 'Private,' and I nailed it to the post."

She laughed appreciatively. "Delightful," she said. "First, you lull one into the belief that your remark is going to be pointless, and then—well, the point suddenly pricks. Not that it wasn't a silly thing to do. No one will take any notice of your 'By Order.'"

"They'll think it's Lord Glanmore's—till this afternoon, when the agent will enlighten them," he said, placidly.

She laughed again. "But about your points," she reflected; "I must really try and learn your trick of bringing them out."

"It is the little trade that I have learnt," he misquoted, modestly.

"That you are learning," she corrected. "A dramatist can't have learnt all his trade at the age of—at your age."

"That I am learning, then," he agreed, politely.

She smiled. "You're vastly agreeable this morning."

"As I always endeavour to be," he said, reproachfully.

She looked at him keenly. He was lifting his hand to push his hat off his face.

"Don't move," she commanded, quickly; "I'm going to draw you."

"Very well." His hand dropped to his side, and there was a pause.

"Are you sure," he demurred, anxiously, after a minute, "that you can draw my patrician nose from memory?"

"Oh, don't be uneasy," she said, frankly. "I don't want your patrician nose—nor your face at all."

"My clothes," he suggested, with gratification, "were made—"

"It isn't your clothes, either," she broke in. "It's your attitude."

"Ah. My attitude suggests—?"

"The incarnation of Sloth," she said, calmly.

He sat up suddenly and pushed back his hat. His face was a dull red.

"Oh," she murmured, regretfully, looking out to sea, "how tactless of you! You'll never recover that position."

He opened his lips for a sharp retort; then thought better of it.

"I'll try," he said, shortly, and lay back again, pulling his hat over his eyes.

For ten minutes the sound of pencil and indiarubber alone disturbed the silence. Hamberton had much to think of. The next half-hour would decide whether his life was to be one of easy idleness or of unwilling labour. He was anxious to know, but he realised to a nicety when he ought to speak. In a little while she would begin to be sorry that she had hurt him: that would be the moment.

His lips curved in a smile as he thought over the position. A fortune-hunter he, without shame, admitted to himself that he was, but he had asked for little beyond the fortune. That Fate should send it through a young, pretty, and titled girl, and should, withal, add a spice of the unusual to flavour the whole, was, he acknowledged, generous. For the girl who had spent a month in the same village with him—she at the house of her old nurse, he at the inn—calling herself Eleanor March, was, as he happened to know, none other than Lady Hermione Forbes, possessor, in her own right, of an income of something over fifteen thousand pounds. The knowledge had reached him through the pages of a magazine he had found at the

inn, where his eye had been caught by a very excellent likeness of the girl. His conscience reproached him—a trifle, but he soothed it. He genuinely liked her; he would be very good to her.

The sound of tearing paper broke in on him.

"It's no good," she said, impatiently; "I can't get it. You can sit up; and—and why don't you talk?"

His eyes smiled. It was the olive-branch for which he had been waiting.

"I want to talk," he said. "But I'm not sure whether this is the right time."

She looked at him reflectively. "Yes, you are," she said. "You know that I'm always nicest after being nastiest. Oh, it's not clever of you," she added, hastily; "nearly everyone's made that way."

"It's disgustingly hard to take you in," he observed.

She looked at him oddly. "Is it?" she murmured.

"Eleanor," he said, "it's only four words I want to say. Will you marry me?"

For a moment there was silence. Then she turned to him slowly, and her voice sounded tired and weak. "I—don't—know," she said, hesitatingly. "It's so difficult to—"

He nodded as she paused. Of course, she was thinking of her people, of the difficulties that would be raised. "Don't answer now," he said. "I can wait, of course."

But she seemed not to hear him. "There's a thing," she said, "that's bothering me. I hardly know how to tell you. It—it will seem so silly if there's nothing in it. But I must know for certain. Has it ever struck you that I am at all like—someone else?" She looked at him searchingly.

So she was trying to catch him; she had a suspicion, a doubt. Hamberton was surprised, but he had his features admirably under control.

"Someone I know?" he asked, with interest.

"No; at least—you live in London—you may have seen her—"

"London," he protested, smiling, "is large."

"Yes." She was watching his face eagerly. "But—she's in Society."

"Really?" He exhibited just the right shade of amused surprise. "Is the likeness very striking?"

She put out her hand for an illustrated weekly paper that lay on the grass beside her, but her eyes never left his face.

"You can judge for yourself," she said, slowly. "There's a portrait of her in this week's *Whirligig*."

He took it from her without undue eagerness.

"Ah!" he said, and looked up to compare the likeness with her face. "It's marvellous. But for the name below, I could have sworn it was you."

"Yes, it's rather odd, I suppose," she agreed, indifferently, "though, of course, I've got used to it. But I wanted to tell you. You see, if you had ever seen Lady Hermione Forbes in town, you might, quite naturally, have thought that I was she, masquerading down here as the daughter of a poor artist. And if I had allowed you to remain unenlightened—" She did not finish the sentence.

"Thank you for telling me," he said, gravely; "but, you see, I never did see Lady Hermione Forbes—in town." There was the barest suggestion of a pause before the last two words—as a salve to his conscience.

"Ah," she said, in a colourless sort of voice, "then I needn't have troubled to tell you."

"So, now," he urged, gently, "does it make any difference to your answer?"

"Oh," she said, breathlessly, "I don't know. It all depends on—on you."

And, before he had time to give even a guess at her meaning, she had fled up the steep path to the village.

He was vaguely disturbed. There was something that he did not understand, he; who prided himself on seeing farther than the average, and he picked up the paper she had left behind, instinctively conscious that the explanation lay there.



But the beautiful, mobile face told him nothing. His eyes dropped to the paragraph below—

Lady Hermione Forbes, whose portrait we give above, though one of the most beautiful and popular girls in Society, is by no means as fond of town life as most of her contemporaries. This year she has grown tired of the whirl of gaiety even sooner than usual, and is at present passing her time in her favourite pursuit, cruising in the Mediterranean with a few friends of similar tastes.

His eyes were opened at last. What an abject fool he had been, and how he had let his imagination run riot. There was no disguise, no concealment, no spice of the unusual. The artist's daughter was—the artist's daughter, and Lady Hermione Forbes was cruising in the Mediterranean. He laughed savagely, and tried to readjust his ideas. What was the next thing to be done? He rose slowly to his feet and stood still. He must get back to London, he supposed, as quickly as possible. And Eleanor? The Eleanor who was really Eleanor? What about her? Was he to say anything to her before he went? Something rose in his throat and seemed to stick there. He began to realise that he was the victim of unusual sensations. It was characteristic of the dramatist in him that he should pause to analyse them.

"Somehow," he reflected, incredulously, "I don't seem to want to go. I want—I want Eleanor. Yes, that's it. I believe—I really believe I don't care about anything else." He drew a deep breath. To have lost control of his feelings was, indeed, a new sensation. "I want her—just her—to live for or die for, or even"—with sudden energy he dashed up the path—"Great Scott! this must be the real thing—even to *work* for!"

Eleanor never let a fine evening pass without walking up the lane till the sea came in view. This night was no exception, although her heart was very heavy. She did not expect to find Hamberton waiting for her, and she did not hide her displeasure.

"It isn't fair to lie in wait for me like this," she said.

He made none of the laughing excuses that usually came so easily to his lips.

"I'm sorry," he said, humbly. "I didn't think you'd mind—for once."

She looked at him doubtfully. "What have you got there?" she asked, catching sight of something white in his hand.

He held it out to her. "It's the first Act of a new play. I've been working at it since this morning."

She fell upon it with a little cry of delight. "I'm so glad—glad—glad!" she said. "I'm going to read it now and here."

They sat down on a bank. "What a blessing there's a moon!" she said, contentedly.

Hamberton nodded, with his head turned away. She noticed his position, and it helped her to go on waiting. It was proof positive that he was in sackcloth and ashes. Never, otherwise, would he have denied himself the reward of watching her face as she read.

"Thank you," she said, when she had finished, and there was a note of exultation in her voice. "I knew you could do it. It's got what the others all lack—the human note. What made you do it?"

He looked at her desperately. "I love you, Eleanor. You made me do it."

She seemed to shrink away from him, and the exultation in her eyes turned to pain.

"Ah, don't," she said; "please don't," and made a movement to go.

"If you wouldn't mind," he pleaded, "waiting just another minute—I've got something that has to be said. To-morrow—I may be a coward as well as a knave. Will you wait? It won't take a minute to tell. And—and I shall never dare to ask you anything again."

A stillness came into her attitude, an eager expectancy into her eyes.

"Yes," she said, "I'll wait. Tell me."

"I've behaved like a sweep," he said. "I've deceived you; I've lied to you. I hated work and I wanted to marry money—to marry *you* for *your* money. And I was sure all the time that you were Lady Hermione Forbes; sure when I asked you to marry me, sure when you showed me her portrait. It was only when I read what was below the portrait that my eyes were opened. That's all, I think."

He waited for her words of biting scorn or contemptuous dismissal. They did not come.

"Quite all?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Quite; except, of course, that I am—sorry."

She turned to him. "I accept your apology," she said. "It's rather magnanimous of me, isn't it"—she smiled—"seeing that you are getting off quite unpunished?"

"Unpunished!" he burst out. "Unpunished, when I love you, and—!" He broke off short. "I beg your pardon."

"I'm awfully glad," she said, "that you told me before—" She hesitated.

"Before you had accepted me?" he said, quickly. "Yes, naturally; but—but must you rub it in?"

"Before I had to tell you," she ended, quietly.

"What?" He stood up with a jerk.

The next moment he had seen that her eyes were full of tears.

"Eleanor," he cried, "what have I done? Forgive me. I didn't dream you cared enough—"

She flung him her hands passionately.

"I cared," she cried, between laughter and tears, "I cared so much that I couldn't tell you I knew, because then I should have despised you; and how is it possible to live, despising the man one—loves?"

"Loves?" he echoed, in an awe-struck whisper; "loves? Eleanor! in spite of *that*?"

"Not in spite of, but because of. Don't you see, you've told me, and that was what I was waiting for. If I had had to tell you—oh, I should have prayed to die afterwards!"

There was a pause. He was thinking things over.

"What was it you knew before, Eleanor?" he asked.

"Everything. That you had seen that magazine at the inn—I left it there; that you thought I was Lady Hermione; that you didn't believe anything I told you about myself. So I thought, if I left that copy of the *Whirligig* for you to see, you would have to believe. I suppose that was what really made you see?"

He nodded, flushing. "Can you learn to trust me, do you think, Eleanor?" he asked, humbly.

"Can you learn to work?" she returned, smiling.

"Eleanor," he said, earnestly, "I *want* to work. Somehow, you've made everything different. You won't laugh if I say I think you've made *me* different since this morning, and I want—good Heavens, how badly I want to forget the man I was up to this morning!"

"I was always waiting," she said, softly, "for the man you were going to be."

There was a pause.

"And if," she suggested, tenderly, "your work should bring us wealth?"

He straightened himself. "Still I should work," he said; "you've taught me to despise drones."

A great gladness shone in her eyes.

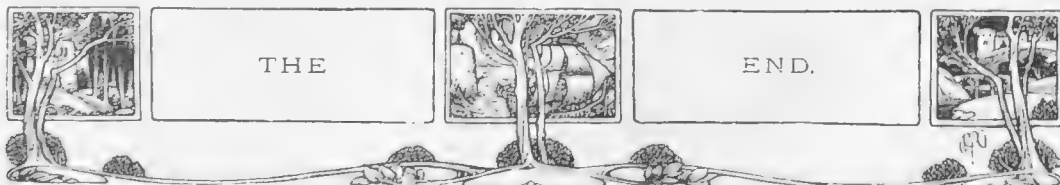
"That copy of the *Whirligig*," she said, irrelevantly, "was one I had printed specially for myself. I had that little bit about the cruise in the Mediterranean put in."

He looked astonished. "Why, Eleanor?"

"Oh, don't you see—?" Her voice was very low.

He stared at her silently. "Eleanor!" he said, at last.

She made room for him beside her on the bank. "I'm tired," she said, thoughtfully, "of being called Eleanor. 'Io' is nice and short for Hermione."





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



YET another play is to come to London from America in the near future. This is "The Dictator," in which Mr. William Collier has been starring for some time. He and the members of his Company will shortly arrive in London from New York, and will open at the Comedy Theatre, by arrangement with Mr. Frank Curzon, in the first week in May. The tour is intended to duplicate that of Miss Marie Tempest to New York, and is said to form the first of a series of such undertakings.

Sir Charles Wyndham's admirers will learn with regret that when "Leah Kleschna" is produced at the New Theatre, he will not be seen in the part of the hero, as was originally intended. It will be remembered that Sir Charles met with an accident while in New York and injured his arm so severely that he was unable to play for a short time. The arm is still so painful—the result, no doubt, of his resuming work before he ought to have done so—that Sir Charles's medical advisers have insisted on his giving it and himself a thorough rest. Under the circumstances, Mr. Leonard Boyce has, happily, been induced to accept the part.

"Jasper Bright" is the title of Mr. Arthur Sturges's English version of "Herrn Solne," by O. Walther and Leo Stein, which Mr. Henri De Vries will produce early in May at the Avenue, by arrangement with Mr. Frank Curzon. In this, Mr. De Vries will appear in a single part, instead of being, so to speak, many actors rolled into one, as he was in "A Case of Arson," with its seven vividly contrasted characters. Amongst the well-known actors who will be associated with Mr. De Vries are Mr. Harvey Long, Mr. Charles Troode, Miss Pattie Bell, Miss Dora Barton, Miss Marie Daltra, Miss Dora Glennie, Miss Rita Jolivet, and Miss Dorothy Drake.

On the evening of Easter Monday, Miss Constance Collier will begin a starring engagement in the chief provincial towns as the heroine of "Lord Danby's Love Affair," a new play by the Rev. Forbes Phillips. It belongs to what is generically known as Society drama, and lends itself, if not to the display of scenic effects, yet to

the exhibition of the skill of the dressmaker as well as of the actor. Miss Collier's associates will include Mr. Hamilton Stuart as the hero, Mr. George Hawtreys, and Miss Isabel Field-Collier, who used to be at His Majesty's Theatre, but is not related to Miss Collier. London will have the opportunity of seeing the play later on, for it will be brought to the Coronet during the tour. In the autumn Miss Constance Collier will return to His Majesty's Theatre for Mr. Tree's production of Mr. Stephen Phillips's new play, "Nero."

From the modernities of Captain Marshall and Mr. Pinero to the sweet well of English undefiled of William Shakspeare is the move of Miss Nancy Price, who has been engaged for Mr. Tree's Shaksperian festival, and will appear as Mistress Ford in "The Merry Wives" and as the Countess Olivia in "Twelfth Night." The casting of the plays has also restored Mr. Lyn Harding, one of the most virile and intelligent of the actors of the younger generation, to Mr. Tree's Company, from which he was absent during the run of "Much Ado," as he did not care to play Don John. Mr. Harding will be Bolingbroke in "Richard II.," the part which used to be played by Mr. Oscar Asche, as well as the Ghost in "Hamlet" and Cassius in "Julius Cæsar," in which latter play Mr. Henry Neville will take the name-part, while Mr. Basil Gill will be the Brutus, a casting of the characters which is decidedly original, for few theatre-goers would probably distribute them in that way.



"LA SYLPHÉ," ONE OF THE CHIEF DANCERS IN "MY LADY NICOTINE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



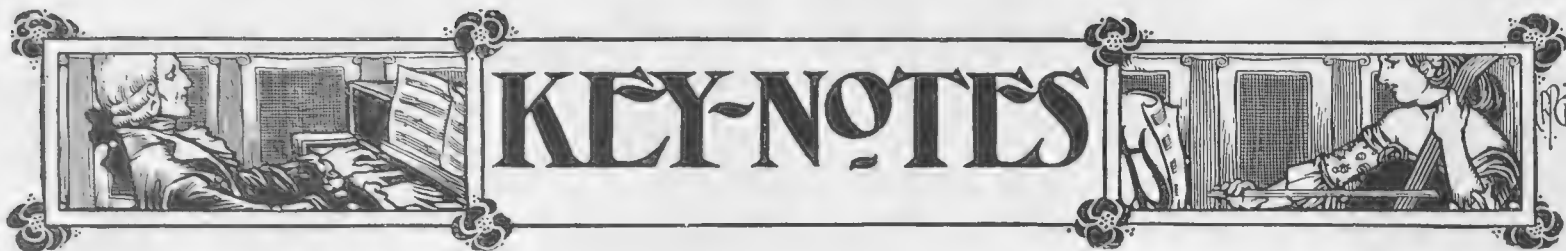
A DISLOYAL ROYAL CARRIAGE: THE COLISEUM'S ROYAL TRAVELLING LOUNGE, WHICH REFUSED TO BUDGE WHEN THE KING ENTERED IT FOR THE FIRST TIME THE OTHER DAY.

The Royal Travelling Lounge which is one of the many interesting features of the Coliseum was not on its best behaviour the other day, when the King paid his first visit to the new place of entertainment in St. Martin's Lane, for it refused to move when His Majesty entered it. In the ordinary way, it travels, by means of electricity, from the Royal Entrance, through the salon, and into the foyer which contains the entrance to the Royal Box. It is hardly necessary to say that the occurrence did not in any way prevent His Majesty's enjoyment of the excellent performance provided, an enjoyment he was not slow to mention to Mr. Stoll.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

Monday evening next will see the starting of what the general public will, perhaps, regard as the first move in the long-talked-of Répertoire Theatre movement, for the performances will be given in the evening, and will, therefore, make an appeal to a much larger circle than the Vedrenne-Barker productions at the Court. The enterprise in question will be known as the Mermaid Repertory Theatre, and its director, Mr. Philip Carr, has secured an Honorary Committee of such distinction that, if names alone can command success, it will be one of the most successful ventures ever launched. Literature, Art, Science, Music, the Church, Journalism, Diplomacy, Medicine, and the Army are represented by some of their most distinguished men and women. Amongst the names are those of Lord Wolseley, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Hardy, Mr. William Watson and Mr. W. B. Yeats, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., Mr. E. A. Abbey, R.A., and Mr. John Sargent, R.A., Sir Edward Elgar, Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., Sir George Lewis and Mr. Augustine Birrell, K.C., Professor E. Ray Lankester, Sir George Sydenham Clarke and Sir Lepel Griffin, Sir Edward Russell, the Rev. the Hon. James Adderley and Dr. Plimmer, Mr. John Burns, M.P., and Sir Samuel Montagu, as well as the Countess of Warwick and the Duchess of Sutherland.

Names alone, however, cannot make a success of any theatrical enterprise, which must rely on the attractiveness of the productions. The performances will start pleasantly with a revival of "The Critic," and will be followed by Webster's "Duchess of Malfi," Massinger's "City Madam," and Beaumont and Fletcher's "Scornful Lady," as well as the works of the living masters, like Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. Pinero. Particularly interesting is the arrangement for the autumn, when a complete series of Shakspeare's historical plays will be given before the Company goes on tour at the end of November.



IT is not more than two years since the Rhine Musical Festival was held at Düsseldorf, and again this city is to be the central home of that Festival. One remembers, in the history of music, very well how the great German, Handel, naturalised himself in England and shook the dust of Germany from his feet. His great works were written for England, and everybody knows the history of his lesseeship of the Haymarket Theatre, and of the Dublin production of his "Messiah." And now, after all these years, Handel seems to be posthumously recalled to Germany, and during this Festival "Israel in Egypt" is to be performed, and every possible care and attention is to be given to those enormous, if somewhat plagiarised, choruses which are enclosed in the score.

When one looks back upon the formalism of Handel, formalism, as it appears, at the present day, the perfect form of his fugal writing and the strictly correct harmony of his more famous and less famous airs, it is a little entertaining to note that Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" will be given at the same Festival. From this it may certainly be gathered that the managers of the Rhine Musical Festival do not choose to limit themselves to any one period.

Mr. Georg Henschel conducted, on April 11, the Seventh Afternoon Concert of the London Symphony Orchestra. A curious and complete change of programme must have rather confused

Brinsmead has quite recently produced a new pianoforte, which, built upon entirely modern lines, seems to be not only exceptional, but even unique. It is a cross-strung upright grand, which includes the check-repeater action and the patent sounding-board the existence of which are due to the enterprise of this firm. Its tone is extremely beautiful; soft, without being too soft, and resonant, without any effect of sharpness. It is interesting to note that all the panels and carvings of the case were not only ordered in China, but were both finished and begun there; the lacquer-work is extremely beautiful; and to come to the actual key-board, the precise musical emotion in the playing upon it is, in every respect, so exquisite that it is seemingly a perfect means of expressing individuality with the greatest ease.

There are few more popular contralto singers in English-speaking communities than Miss Ada Crossley; and it is, therefore, no wonder that her wedding on the 11th inst. attracted a great deal of interest throughout musical London. Mr. Francis F. Muecke was the bridegroom, who springs from a distinguished stock which belongs no less to the great Australian Commonwealth than does his bride. Miss Crossley's voice has always appealed to one as belonging to a most intelligent order of things; it is refined, it is beautiful, and it is rich and ripe in tone. The wedding took place at Marylebone Parish



THE WEDDING OF MISS ADA CROSSLEY:
THE BRIDEGROOM, MR. FRANCIS
MUECKE.

Mr. Francis Muecke, who was married to Miss Ada Crossley the other day, is a graduate of Adelaide University, and has been pursuing a course of study at the London Hospital. He is the son of the Hon. H. C. E. Muecke, M.L.C., of "The Myrtles," Adelaide, South Australia, and is well known as an athlete.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

many who came to hear a programme of an entirely different description. Instead of Tschai-kowsky's "Hamlet" Overture, the Overture to "Die Meistersinger" was given; Wagner's Prelude and "Liebestod" were substituted, apparently, for Dvorák's Symphony, "In the New World." Max Bruch's Violin Concerto in G Minor, the solo instrument of which was taken by Miss Evangeline Anthony, was retained in the programme, and Miss Anthony certainly played it very well indeed. This was conducted specially by Mr. Arthur Payne. Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies sang, in famous style, the "Abschied" of Wotan which occurs in the last scene of "Die Walküre."

What will result from the expected union of music-publishers, who seem to have determined upon publishing no more songs until the justice of their cause is allowed, must be regarded as a question which the future alone will settle. It may be that these excellent gentlemen are strong enough artistically and financially to uphold their own personal cause with success. But one cannot help thinking that Unions have always failed in connection with art, for the simple reason that every publisher is necessarily an individualist.



A VIOLINIST NEW TO ENGLAND:
MISS EDITH A'VARD.

Miss A'Vard, who is due to make her début in this country shortly, has already met with considerable success in Bohemia and Vienna. She is one of the most recent pupils of Professor Sevcik, of Prague, who taught both Miss Marie Hall and Herr Kubelik.

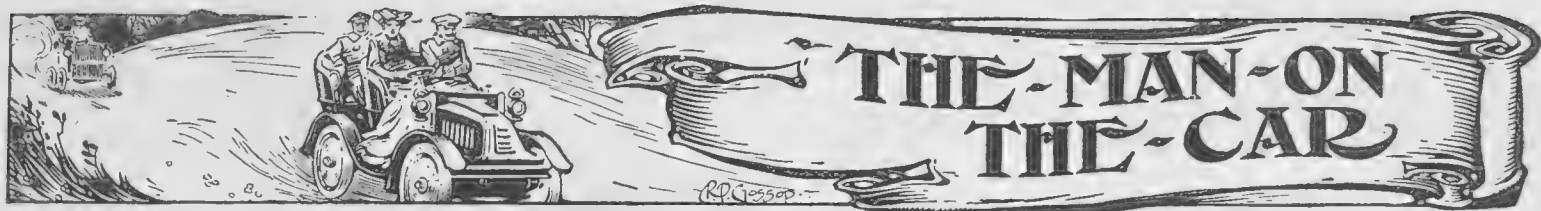
Photograph by H. Eckert.



A VIOLINIST NEW TO ENGLAND: M. ROBERT TREBINI.

M. Trebini, who made his first appearance in this country at the Bechstein Hall on Friday last, is nineteen years of age, and was born in Paris of Italian parents. He, also, was a pupil of Professor Sevcik, and on completion of his studies, about one year ago, he toured in the East. He received a command to play before the Sultan at Yıldiz Kiosk, and he left the Palace the holder of the Order of Grand Commander of the Medjidie. On returning to Paris, he made his professional début in that city, following this with a short tour of French provincial towns.

Church, where, many years ago, took place the wedding of Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. It is a matter in this column of no particular importance to report precisely the amount of white chiffon, or the length of the ends of Spanish lace, or the character of folded belt of soft satin, or the value of the diamond, tourmaline, and pearl pendant with which, amongst other beautiful things, the bride was adorned. As was fitting in the case of the marriage of a great singer, an excellent musical programme was provided; the boy choristers met the bride at the entrance to the church, and, in procession, sang "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden." Miss Marie Corelli was an enthusiastic onlooker, and presented to the bride a gold Etruscan bracelet. Amongst the musicians' gifts may be mentioned an old bead-purse presented by Mr. Landon Ronald. A special arrangement of "O Perfect Love," by Mr. George H. Clutsam, was sung by ten girl-friends of the bride. It was indeed a magnificent wedding, and there is no doubt but that the singer deserved all the attention which she received; it only remains to wish her and her husband every good luck in their married life.—COMMON CHORD.



ENGLISH V. FRENCH AUTOMOBILES, AND A CHALLENGE—THE COLOUR OF BODIES—EASTER TOURS—A POSSIBLE PETROL FAMINE—PETROL AND FIRE.

THE Editor of *La France Automobile*, M. Paul Meyau, finds himself more than perturbed at the manner in which the English Press is insisting upon the superior reliability of English-built over French-made automobiles. He says that the English Press preaches a continuous crusade against French products and exhorts Englishmen to buy English cars, only. This, he suggests, is quite natural, but the dear man finds his national pride somewhat wounded by the assertion that, from the points of view of speed, of reliability, and of regularity, British cars lead the French. Therefore, he has personally stepped into the arena as the champion of French automobilism, and in a letter to the *Times* has offered to run his own touring-car, a car which he has already had in use for over a year, against the best British touring-car built, for a distance of five thousand kilometres (over three thousand miles), in consecutive daily journeys of two hundred and fifty miles or so, until the full distance is completed. Further, this gallant Frenchman backs his opinion to the extent of four hundred pounds. Excellent, *mon ami*. If it comes off and you win, *quelle gloire pour la France!* If you lose—well, you tried to win; and, whether you win or lose, the contest proves just this, that one car built by one firm is better or worse than one car built by another firm. And all the time a great *réclame* for M. Meyau and his journal.

Doubtless, many of my readers are at this moment pondering the colours in which they shall have their new cars finished as soon as the body is ready for the painter's-shop. Now, if they have not already given an irrevocable order, I would beg them to give this matter the closest consideration. If the new car is to be used frequently in the country for long journeys, under all sorts and conditions of weather, I would suggest that the khaki tone which forms the standard Thornycroft colour, when well done by a London carriage-builder who is smart at motor-body making, looks really quite well enough for tour-work. Even after a hard, long, dirty day's run, the car does not look unrepresentable—far better, indeed, than vehicles finished in brighter and more delicate colours, which, after a bad day, look more like mud-carts than automobiles. If the Thornycroft khaki is not altogether fancied, then a colour known to motor-body builders as Panhard-red is the next best choice, but with this colour the chassis and body should be alike. Fine-line embellishments may be in any suitable tint. Shades of blue or green are to be avoided, although Napier-green wears well; but cream should be altogether barred, as oil-stains make it look shabby in a very short time.

By the time this paragraph is in type Easter will be upon us, and automobilists throughout the country will be on the eve of their Easter tours. Now, the touring automobilist is ill-heralded

in Great Britain, inasmuch as the Cyclists' Touring Club has not encouraged him, and the work as yet performed on his behalf falls far short of that achieved on account of his French *confrères* by that most energetic Frenchman, M. Ballif, and the organisation of the Touring Club of France. Our own Automobile Club is gradually compiling much valuable information with regard to hotels, garages, and petrol dépôts throughout the country, but it is as yet far from complete, and much good work would be effected if every motorist who tours at Easter would send to the Club Secretary a brief note of the hotels and garages he has found recommendable. The desire often exhibited by hotel-proprietors to increase the motorist's bill by some 25 per cent., on the assumption that the possession of a motor-car and illimitable wealth are synonymous terms, is still met with here and there, and should always be strenuously resisted. If hotel-proprietors find that motorists rebel at imposition, they will very shortly cease to oppose.

Another fragment of advice I will tender to intending tourists, and that is an injunction to order their petrol well in advance. Only two years ago there was something very like a petrol famine on the two days prior to Good Friday; and although our sources of spirit-supply have widened considerably since then, yet, with the huge increase in the number of automobiles and motor-cycles, all of which are certain to be set moving by Good Friday, if not before, there may again be a temporary but, nevertheless, highly inconvenient shortage of spirit. The chagrin of the man robbed of his Easter tour by inability to obtain fuel is too terrible to contemplate.



A LADY DRIVER IN THE MONACO MOTOR-BOAT RACES: MME. DU GAST "IN AN ELEGANT AND PRACTICAL COSTUME."

The "Turquoise," the boat Mme. Du Gast raced at Monaco, was recently christened by Canon Dumont, who wore full canonicals for the occasion. A French paper, greatly daring, dubs Mme. Du Gast's costume at once elegant and practical.



A COMPETITOR IN THE FRENCH SELECTION TRIALS FOR THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE: ALBERT CLÉMENT ON HIS BAYARD-CLÉMENT.

The French Selection Trials are fixed for the 10th of June. The entries for them are as follows: one C. G. V., three Panhards, one Gobron-Brillié, three Richard-Brasiers, three Bayard-Cléments, three Darracqs, three Renaults, one Automoto, three De Dietrichs, and three Hotchkiss'. The actual race is announced for July 5, and it will be run over the Auvergne circuit.

Photograph by Branger.

Petrol has, of course, been spoken of as the cause of the terrible fire in Long Acre the Sunday night after the close of the Olympia Show. Now, the débris of the conflagration having been cleared away, the petrol-store on Messrs. Harvey Du Cros' premises, which took the form of a huge iron box sunk below the level of the ground-floor, has been got at, and found intact, with its twenty two-gallon cans of spirit unharmed, and floating in the water which had found its way there from the thousands of tons thrown upon the burning mass before it was extinguished. The safety of this quantity of inflammable material under such ardent circumstances redounds less to the credit of the constructors of the store than to the makers of the hermetically-sealed cans in which the petrol was contained. It is evidence how safely these special cans, which were introduced by Mr. Harris, then of the Anglo-American Company, conserve petrol under the most trying and searching conditions. It also suggests, to my mind, the desirability of arranging a fusible plug in the water-connections, that fire approaching within a certain distance of the petrol-store should fuse the plug and flood the tank.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE CITY—MANCHESTER—A PARROT CRY—FIXTURES.

I SHALL have yet another opportunity of writing on the City and Suburban, which I think will be a race worth going to see this year. Dean Swift has been backed by the street-corner men, but I do not like the horse. Up to now he has proved a grievous disappointment to his wealthy owner. In the race last year I thought Bachelor's Button should have won, but for coming too late. He was going twice as fast as anything else at the finish, and I am certain he could easily give Dean Swift 14 lb. over this course, if fit. Ambition, who is trained on the spot by Willie Nightingall, is useful, and it is only a question of weight in his case. The handicapper has taken his best form for a guide, but the horse is essentially an Epsom performer, and his party backed him confidently each time last year when he won. Ambition, if he gets off all right, should be dangerous. St. Amant has not been doing the right sort of work, and he may give way here to Catgut, who was expected to win a big race last autumn. She is very quick out of the slips, and, on some of her form, is thrown in with only 7 st. 8 lb. to carry. I saw her run a good race against Housewife over the Brighton course last year, and horses who act well at Brighton generally do the same at Epsom. If Nabot is fancied by his party, I should couple the grey with Catgut in my attempt to find the winner.

The meeting under National Hunt Rules to take place at Manchester on Easter Monday and Tuesday should prove a great draw, but it is unfortunate that the second day of the meeting should clash with the Great Metropolitan, as several horses hold engagements both at Epsom and Castle Irwell. I am told that Mark Time and Karakoul are almost certain to run for the Great Metropolitan, which the first-named may win, but I now think danger will come from Stephanas, who ran a game race at Alexandra Park. This horse has come on by leaps and bounds, and he is very likely to win one or two of the long-distance handicaps this year. He is a perfect mover and a capital stayér, and he ran straight enough at Alexandra Park, although he is said to be shifty at times. The horse is owned by Messrs. Heasman and Johnson, two of the cutest owners on the Turf. Reverting to the Manchester programme, I think the Great Lancashire Steeple-chase is a real good thing on paper for Seisdon Prince, who will only have to stand up to win, and I am afraid the presence of this horse in the race will keep away others that are over-weighted.

The Jubilee Hurdle Race on the second day I think will be won by Bellivor Tor, who has taken kindly to jumping. True, the horse ought to have been beaten by Stephanas at Haydock, but for the latter being a bit wayward at the start, but we now see that Stephanas is a smasher both over hurdles and on the flat.

I think the best tipster I ever came across was a parrot. The wily bird was owned by a Bath newsagent, and during the day his cage hung outside his master's shop. In the winter of 1867, the parrot persistently repeated to all passers-by these words: "Blue Gown is sure to win the Derby." He must have heard someone say so, and the words evidently attracted his attention. Anyway, all sporting Bath was on the parrot's tip, and one publican in a local village landed a big double-event by the aid of Blue Gown's win. Boniface was a very popular man in the district, and in honour of his big win the bell-ringers gave him a merry peal on the church-bells; but, I should add, they did so entirely on their own initiative, and without the permission of their churchwardens, while the vicar was away from home at the time. The scandal caused some commotion at the moment, but it eventually blew over. As parrots are supposed to live to the age of a hundred, the vaticinary bird might be alive yet, though it may have been a hundred or more on the day of which I write. The question now arises: if living, does that parrot continue to tell all and sundry that "Blue Gown is sure to win the Derby," or does he give an annual tip for the Blue Riband of the Turf? Further, how would a parrot get on with a horse like Volodyovski to tip to the crowd?

The Bank Holiday week will be one of the busiest ever known in the racing world. On the Monday we have Kempton, Birmingham, Dunstable, Portsmouth Park, Hamilton Park, Hereford, Eridge Hunt, Market Rasen, Wincanton, Gosforth, Manchester, Cardiff, Torquay, and Wetherby. On the Tuesday there will be racing at Epsom, Gosforth, Cardiff, Torquay, Wetherby, and Bridgnorth. On Wednesday the fixtures are Epsom and Huntingdon. On Thursday and Friday, sportsmen could choose between Sandown Park, Catterick Bridge, and Ludlow. Moreton-in-the-Marsh takes place on Thursday, and on Saturday the list includes Stockton, under Jockey Club Rules, and Sandown, under National Hunt Rules. Included in the above list are several Hunt Meetings; but these gatherings always attract big crowds, and they are, in my opinion, more enjoyable than many of the swagger meetings. Take, for instance, Wincanton, where I attended my first race-meeting.

It is in the heart of the Blackmore Vale Hunt, and it is a fair, open country. All the riders in the local races are first-rate horsemen and keen sportsmen, who would rather win a local race than a big handicap. Sandown, following

Epsom, will be a big draw, but it is worthy of note that the attendance on the first two days, when the meeting is under Jockey Club Rules, is never as large as it is to see the jumping on the Saturday, which proves that the National Hunt business is popular on the Esher slopes.

CAPTAIN COE.



CONVERTED CRICKETERS: MR. ALFRED LYTTLETON, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW GOLFING SOCIETY OPEN ONLY TO MEMBERS OF FIRST AND SECOND CLASS COUNTY CRICKET TEAMS AND CRICKET BLUES, AT THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME.

A Golfing Society open only to members of the first and second class county cricket teams and Cricket Blues has just been formed, with the idea of playing both inter-club and inter-county matches. A number of cricketers have already joined. Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, is the President; Mr. H. W. Bainbridge, the Captain; and Mr. G. L. Jessop, the Honorary Secretary.



"THE TURF" IN ABYSSINIA: GERMAN SOLDIERS WITNESSING A HORSE-RACE DURING THE STAY OF THE GERMAN COMMERCIAL MISSION TO THE EMPEROR MENELIK AT ADDIS ABEBA.

Photograph by Ullstein.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

ONE of the delights of motoring is its unexpectedness. One finds the way into such unforeseen circumstances and such undreamed-of places that existence for the time being becomes charged with electricity and expectation. On our automobiling way through France lately, interest in wayside events was kept up by the

one finds Nature assisted instead of thwarted; hence the success which has attended her efforts.

One is constantly hearing that new tea-rooms, or a new milliner's shop, or the florist's herbaceous bower, or new manicure-salons have been, or are "about to be," opened for the edification of the great British public, and the announcement, generally speaking, "leaves one cold," as the Americans say. Such devices one has, in fact, come to regard as the last efforts of impecunious and enterprising acquaintances to raise what is vulgarly known as "the wind," auriferously speaking. One knows that one is expected to drink tea, or buy button-holes, or get one's nails polished at that particular shop, and the eternal recurrence of such claims is apt to become a bore. Very different, however, is the feeling with which one views the domestication of a Plasmon tea-shop in our midst. There is some solid ground for justification in this. The ordinary cup of tea is exhilarating, but barren of any permanent good effects, while Plasmon Tea or Cocoa is distinctly a most valuable pick-me-up in the best sense of that expression. For the tired shopper up for the day or the pavement-patrolling Londoner a cup of Plasmon Tea will be found a strong restorative, nutritious as well as agreeable to the taste,



[Copyright.]

A SMART GOWN IN RED AND WHITE.

slaughter of five hens and a duck the first day out; vicissitudes, indeed, continued to heap themselves upon us as we left the kilomètres behind, until at Orange we nearly wafted an aged crone into the Ewigkeit, coming round the usual corner. While her feelings were being smoothed out by the most dulcet-toned of our party and a puncture attended to by the *mécanicien*, we explored the wonderful open-air theatre, and heard a rumour that the Divine Sarah is expected to adventure in "The Trojan Women" of Euripides as a next performance.

It was interesting to see, on our return, a translation of the same classic advertised for April afternoons at the Court Theatre, so to Greece (in Sloane Square!) I thereupon betook myself, and was infinitely repaid by the vision of Miss Gertrude Kingston as Helen of Troy, and Miss Marie Brema, more sweet-voiced than ever, as Hecuba. Greek draperies may only suit summer skies, but they are infinitely becoming to rotund, full-throated beauty, and infinitely adapted to curves.

Talking of beauty, one is constrained to remember that, as dull days recede and the sun gains strength and heat, the complexion that passed muster in winter, lamp-lit afternoons may need a modicum of spring-cleaning, like our habitations when clearer light shows up the dull spots of our armour. As a renovator on the most sane and efficient system, Mrs. Adair, at 90, New Bond Street, may be counted on. She has a thorough knowledge of the ordinary life of a woman in Society leads, and of the best methods of combating its wear-and-tear. Her system is simple and also successful. Nothing either artificial or injurious is permitted, so, in calling in her aid,



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING DESIGN IN COLOURED CLOTH.

therefore invaluable at both breakfast and tea time. The dainty little West-End dépôt at 56, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, should speedily become the resort of exhausted five-o'clock femininity and its cavaliers, while for those who like "something or other" before going to bed a cup of Plasmon Cocoa is now becoming the fashionable nightcap, many doctors ordering it because of its sleep-compelling properties and beneficial effect on the system generally.

A friend of mine, who lives in the most bijou of houses, with the smartest of window-boxes and the daintiest of window-curtains, is known to entertain an especial fondness for her hall-door, which changes its colour regularly every half-year. Arrived at that portal

some days ago, I was doubly overcome by its fresh, virginal whiteness, as well as the brilliant polish, which reflected all visitors as in a mirror and beguiled what time the butler took in answering one's summons by faithfully reflecting one's minutest detail. My mouth opened automatically with the inevitable question, but before I could get it out she forestalled me. "I know what you are going to ask," she said. "You're the fifth to-day, and they have all clamoured for the name. Well, it's 'Sanalene,' Aspinall's 'Sanalene,' and nothing else on this planet is like it"—which is true. "Sanalene" is absolutely like china in its brilliant surface, and should take the place of any and every enamel that has ever been; whether for furniture, internal decoration, or any kind of woodwork, its results are equally marvellous.

Before leaving the seasonable subject of spring cleaning and renovations, the *Hausfrau* may be reminded of two indispensable minutiae of her store-cupboard's altogether.



AN INTERESTING GIFT TO SIR HORACE BROOKS MARSHALL: THE PRESENTATION BOWL FROM THE MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL PURPOSES COMMITTEE OF THE CORPORATION OF LONDON.

The solid silver jardinière here illustrated was recently presented to Sir Horace Brooks Marshall by the members of the General Purposes Committee of the Corporation of London, of which Committee Sir Horace was Chairman during last year. The bowl is the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

The verb "to polish" is one that the exigencies eternally bid one to construe. It is a law of Nature—and a particular one of London Town to boot—that everything grows dull and everything requires the never-ending process of "rubbing up." Therefore, to accomplish that necessity with the least possible amount of labour in all that has to do with brass, steel, copper, and other metals, Globe Polish, liquid or solid, is the great panacea. Before its advent, the lot of the housemaid was

hard; since, she may be considered to lead a life of comparative ease, if not of positive leisure. What other labour-saving inventions we may not arrive at, one knows not; but if someone would take out a patent for completely automatic domestics, as opposed to the present human incapables, a speedy fortune and the benediction of all mistresses should be his well-deserved rewards.

SYBIL.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS FOR EASTER.

As usual, the Railway Companies have all busied themselves in the making of special arrangements for the Easter Holidays, and the chances offered to the would-be traveller at home and abroad are exceptional.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company offers special facilities for passengers to the South Coast, and to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, to Calais, to Brussels by the Calais, Boulogne, and Ostend routes. Special cheap eight-day return tickets to Amsterdam, The Hague, and other Dutch towns, via Queenborough and Flushing, will be issued from April 19 to 24 inclusive, leaving Victoria and Holborn at 9.25 a.m. Cheap eight-day return tickets to Ostend will be issued from April 19 to 24 inclusive. During the holidays the Continental services will run as usual. A special express train (first, second, and third class) will leave Victoria for Dover Pier at 8.50 p.m., calling at Herne Hill, on April 20, in connection with the Calais and Ostend night-steamers.

The Great Western Railway Company has made arrangements for the comfort of the holiday-passengers travelling at Easter. Many of the principal expresses will be run in two parts, and several additional expresses will be run on the days preceding Good Friday. The same Company issues a forty-page pamphlet giving details of excursions from London to some five hundred towns and seaside and inland resorts, varying from half-day and day to fifteen days, at low fares. This can be obtained gratis at the Company's stations and offices (situated in every part of the Metropolis), or will be sent, post free, on receipt of a post-card addressed to the Enquiry Office, Paddington Station, W.

The Great Northern Company will run cheap excursions to Scotland and to the principal stations in the Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern districts. The cheap week-end tickets, usually issued each Friday and Saturday, will be issued on Thursday, Good Friday (if train service admits), and Saturday, April 20, 21, and 22, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 25 (except date of issue). To prevent inconvenience from crowding at the Company's principal terminal station, King's Cross, tickets, dated in advance, will be issued at King's Cross (G.N.R.), Victoria (S.-E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Aldersgate, Farringdon, and suburban stations, and at the various ticket-offices.

The Midland Railway announces excursions to Ireland, to Scotland, and, of course, to the Midlands. Cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Thursday, April 20, as well as on Friday and Saturday, April 21 and 22, from London (St. Pancras) to the principal seaside and inland holiday resorts, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Morecambe, the Lake District, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, Scotland, and other parts, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 25, except day of issue. To prevent inconvenience and crowding, the booking-offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street Stations will be open for the issue of tickets all day on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, April 19, 20, and 22.

The London and North-Western has arranged matters in such a way that the ticket-offices at Euston, Broad Street, Victoria (Pimlico), Kensington, and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, April 17, to Monday, April 24, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day before the starting of the trains. Additional express-trains will be run, and special arrangements made in connection with the Company's trains for the Easter holidays.

The London and South-Western Railway has a full programme of excursions to the South and South-West Coasts, and is making special arrangements for those who will spend their Easter on the Continent. Fourteen-day excursion tickets will be issued from Waterloo to the French coast for Paris, Normandy, Brittany, &c. Similar tickets will also be issued to the Channel Islands. Full particulars of the special arrangements for the holidays are given in the programme to be obtained at any of the Company's London offices and stations, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

The Great Central is, of course, offering ample facilities to those desirous of spending Easter at places reached by their comfortable and picturesque route. Excursions are announced from London to all the principal towns and holiday resorts in the Midlands, North of England, North-East and North-West Coast watering-places, Douglas (Isle of Man), Scotland, and Ireland. The information has been concisely tabulated in the form of an A B C Programme, copies of which can be obtained free at Marylebone Station, or any of the Company's town offices or agencies.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announces, amongst other things, that cheap special week-end tickets will be issued from April 20 to 23, available for return on any day except the day of issue up to April 25. On Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday, trains will be run from London to various seaside towns at day-excursion fares. Extra trains will also be run from London, as required by the traffic, to the Crystal Palace.

The Brighton Railway Company has arranged to run a special fourteen-day excursion via the Newhaven-Dieppe Royal Mail route, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine. The tickets will be issued on Thursday, April 20, by the morning express service, by a special afternoon service, and also by the express night service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, April 19 to 22. Special cheap return-tickets to Dieppe will be issued on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 20 to 24, available for return on any day up to and including the following Tuesday.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter holidays, the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening and the Northern and Midland Counties in the afternoon arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. A corridor-train is run on the Hook of Holland service between London and Harwich. From the Hook of Holland through-carriages and restaurant-cars run in the North and South German express-trains to Cologne, Bâle, and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bâle and Berlin in the evening. For the convenience of passengers, tickets dated in advance can be obtained at the Liverpool Street Station Continental Enquiry Office.



THE NEW HOME OF THE SWAN FOUNTAIN-PEN: MESSRS. MABIE, TODD, AND BARD'S NEW PREMISES IN HIGH HOLBORN.

Visitors to Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard's new premises, 79 and 80, High Holborn, W.C., will find the new home of the Fountain-Pen a roomy, well-fitted shop, with convenience for customers wishing to write notes, telephone to their friends, or look at the papers. Trade messengers are served and goods despatched downstairs; on the first-floor is the handsome show-room and the manager's office; the rest of the building is occupied by the clerical staff.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 26.

THE arrival of the Baltic Squadron, with the certainty of a decisive battle in a few days, has had a weakening effect on foreign stocks, especially on Japanese New Loan, for even the most sanguine man cannot conceal from himself the fact that once more his money is upon the chance of battle. The Settlement has gone off without incident, and, although business has been on a restricted scale of late, the tone is good in most quarters. Our anticipations as to the Nelson dividend were justified, and the Preference shares get 8 per cent., which, at the price of $1\frac{1}{8}$ at which we called attention to them, is a good return for money. The gambling element in the Company is said to have been got rid of, and, if so, the Pref. ought to be worth about £1 7s. 6d. as a steady investment.

If the shareholders of the United States Debenture Corporation lend themselves to the litigation which is threatened with regard to the Founders' Shares redemption scheme, they will be very foolish. The shares get about £4 15s. by way of dividend, and this must be increased with every increase of the Ordinary dividend, in addition to which the founders' rights hamper the directors in dealing with the profit-and-loss account. If the whole incubus of the founders can be got rid of for £40,000, in our opinion it is a cheap bargain which will, on the increased price of the Ordinary shares alone, give the proprietors a good return during the next year or two, and, in addition, make them masters of their own house.

YANKEES AS A BEAR.

Most stockbrokers find that they have a good proportion of clients who would gladly sell a bear of Americans, but who confess to lack of the requisite courage to back their conviction that prices are too high. A general consensus of opinion, practical and theoretical, has arrived at the conclusion that the American Market is now far away from the course of considerations as to mere merit in stocks and shares, and that it is moving in consonance with the wire-pulling of this group or the other, irrespective of intrinsic valuation. News of the extraordinary issue of twenty millions sterling in Bonds, by the Union Pacific, was for several days unfettered by any announcement as to the reason for the money being required, and then there came rumours to the effect that the Union Pacific directors meant to acquire a controlling voice in the Illinois Central, to obtain which they had decided to make this issue of Bonds! The whole matter reads like some child's story, and yet it is what we are asked to believe. At any rate, there is no contradiction to this theory up to the time of writing, and Illinois Centrals have risen very sharply upon its circulation. Earnings have begun to exhibit a declining tendency that augurs no good to the Yankee Market when the time comes for prices to start downward, and we may instance the Atchison as one Company whose dividend is at least likely to be affected by the drop in receipts. Yet, for all this, the market, in Stock Exchange parlance, looks good, and the bears have to face a strong and a determined opposition to their logically conceived plan of selling because prices are mostly too high from the investment point of view.

INDIFFERENCE TO KAFFIRS.

To all appearance, it looks as though a time will shortly come when it will be needless to write about the Kaffir Market more than, say, once every six or eight weeks. For the condition of the Circus is gradually becoming more and more comatose, its sleepiness only redeemed by flashes of revival that add an occasional half-a-crown or five shillings to the quotations of the gambling counters. The decline in the Deep-Level Market is an unpleasant feature which we regret all the more to see in view of the favourable developments lately reported from the South Geldenhuis Deep and one or two other similar properties. If the Deep-Level shares are to crumble away in price, such a movement might do more than anything else to confirm the public in their present attitude of indifference to the market, because in time these properties should come to occupy the same position in the public eye as the outcrop mines used to do before they settled into grooves, mathematically marked out with defined lives,

output, and so forth. It may be safely asserted that the public regard Deep-Level shares with a certain degree of favour, since the Companies possess speculative chances denied to the older mines, although the heavy capitalisation of the former is a point that weighs against them in these times of keen discrimination by prospective purchasers. For the credit of the market as a whole, we should be sorry to see any untoward happenings in this particular section, where, high though prices certainly are, the interest of the public still flickers fitfully, despite the renewed shock it has recently suffered by the meteoric movements in Coronation Syndicate and in Anglo-Transvaal shares.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Taking your lunch up to town?" asked The Broker of The Jobber, as the latter flung a portmanteau into the rack.

"Some of it," was the airy answer. "Can't take it all at once, don't you know. If I were a broker, now—"

"Where're you going for Easter?" inquired The Engineer. "Any of my lines?"

"I didn't know you had a line," returned The Jobber, politely, "otherwise I would certainly have made a point of travelling over it."

The Engineer admitted that his reference was ambiguous. "I should have said, the lines in which I have a personal interest, a financial stake," he explained.

"'Twopenny Tubes,' he means," ejaculated The Broker, "and North-Easterns."

"The disclosure of professional secrets," said The Solicitor, "is—"

"I don't mind at all," and The Engineer looked a very merry martyr. "I do wish Home Rails would buck up a bit, though."

"Easter ought to make them better," suggested The City Editor.

"Reserve those profound arguments for your newspaper, young man," The Jobber counselled him.

"Nothing seems to make anything better," was The Broker's moody comment. "It's all due to the cursed spite of the Bank Rate. Why can't it go to 2 per cent.?"

"Cursed spite is never so low as 2 per cent.," declared The

City Editor, with wilful misunderstanding. "But you fellows in the Stock Exchange are always in such a terrific hurry for business."

"Order, order!" came from The Merchant.

"Orders, orders, is what I want," remarked The Broker, "and I don't get them; and nobody does; and therefore everything's going to the devil; and—"

"And so shut up," The Jobber told him. "We're not what you'd call starving in the American Market."

"Perhaps not, but you'll pretty soon all be broke," was the inspiring response.

"When I am broke, I'll go one better and be a broker," cried The Jobber, gleefully. "Thou brokest—"

"Peace! peace!" entreated The Solicitor. "Is this a nursery of word-manipulators, or is it an assemblage of sober citizens?"

"Get out! What a preposterous suggestion to make at this hour of the day!"

"May I suggest that we have had no discussion about finance at all up to the present?" interpolated The Engineer.

"Good Heavens! So we haven't!" exclaimed The Jobber. "I vote we settle down quietly, and talk nothing but severe shop for the rest of the way."

"Paris," announced The City Editor, as if he had made a discovery.

"Right again," said The Jobber, amiably. "Wonderfully keen eyes some people have for other folks' portmanteaux."

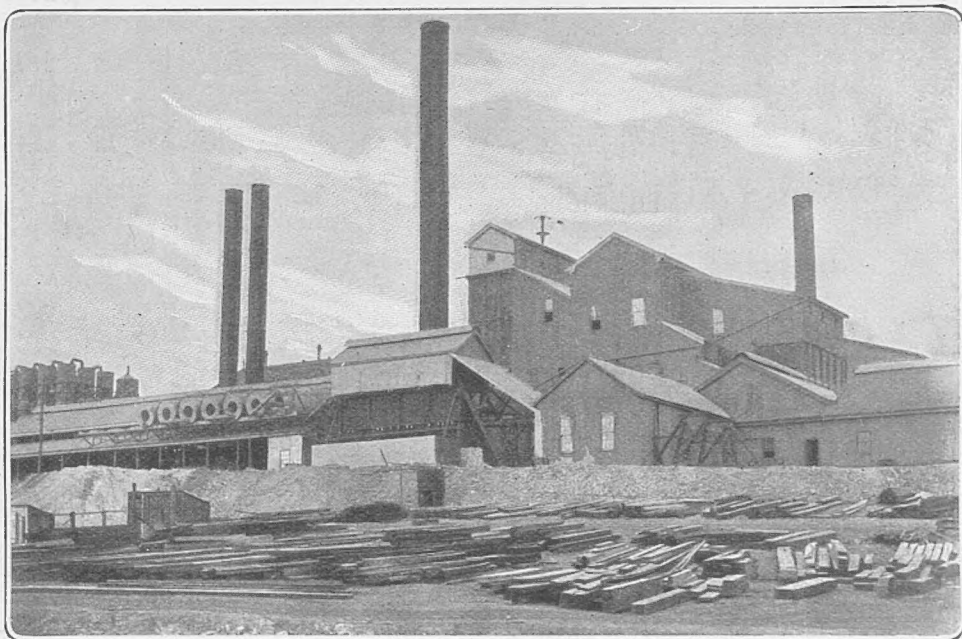
"Hope you have fine weather," The Broker wished him. "Sorry I can't come."

"But will Home Rails go better after Easter?" persisted The City Editor.

"No," said The Merchant, emphatically. "Nobody cares a hang about the stocks, and how are they to go better without public support?"

"They carry three months' dividend," recalled The City Editor.

"In some cases, but not all. Besides, that doesn't count, because this is the lean half of the year."



THE ASSOCIATED GOLD-MINES, KALGOORLIE.

"They must improve with Consols."

"If Consols go up, so will— Oh, but I don't know! There's a different set of conditions applying to Consols," and The Broker re-lighted his cigar.

"Then we are still bullish about Irish?" inquired The Solicitor.

"Cheapest stock there," was the confident reply; "bar none."

"Of its kind, you mean," added The Engineer. "They tell me to buy Lagos $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock."

"That's cheap, too. Full trustee stock, Crown Agents' Loan, at 96 $\frac{1}{2}$, whereas Sierra Leones stand about 99."

"What about the security?"

"Full trustee and Crown Agents. What do you want more than that? Special Settlement is taking place this week. Give your orders, gents."

He put down one or two, and The Solicitor cautiously asked for a copy of the prospectus.

"Trunks get over me," admitted The Merchant.

"Poor fellow!" The Jobber sympathised. "They must be a heavy burden."

"Funny little chap!" sneered The Broker at his House *confère*. "But what about Trunks?" and he turned to The Merchant.

"They look too high, and yet they have splendid possibilities," said the doubter. "Thirds cannot be worth more than 50, surely, under present circumstances?"

"Not worth that," The Broker told him. "I mean, intrinsically. But the market isn't bad, you know."

"Then you wouldn't advise a sale?"

"Don't think so. Let the stock run for a while and sell when the price goes better again."

"I've got some Rhodesians that worry me," said The Engineer.

"Rhodesians?" quoth The Jobber. "Rhodesians? Aren't they some sort of a South African property? I somehow seem to have somewhere heard of them sometime."

"How fond you are of advertising your change of market!" and The Broker threw The Jobber a withering look. Quite ineffectually, however.

"Bankets?" asked The City Editor of The Engineer.

"Bankets and Rhodesia Ex."

"I should sell them both," said The Jobber.

"Seriously?"

"Honest Injin. I've no faith in either, and I used to hear a good deal about both when I was in the Kaffir Market."

"Do you agree with him?"

The Broker said he was afraid he did.

"Sell my two hundred shares," decided the holder. "I don't like them, and I may as well cut a small loss. Make it three hundred; maybe I shall see a profit on a bear of the others."

"Going to sell a bear of Yankees, too?" asked The Jobber.

The Engineer gave one of his hearty laughs. "Too hot stuff for me altogether, your market," he declared.

"When you deal in Americans, you want a long purse." Thus The Solicitor parodied Mr. Chamberlain's historic reference to Russia.

"Best to be a bull, all the same," continued The Jobber. "I am. Wait till after Easter, and—"

"You will see everything flat," prophesied The Merchant. "We have been there before."

"To Paris?"—The Jobber was hauling down his bag—"or to flat markets after a holiday?"

"Both," The Merchant replied. "You off? Well, good-bye."

"Be a good boy," The City Editor ordered.

"I'll try. My wife will be with me."

"Bring us back plenty of tips as to the operations of the Six Million Trust."

"Oh, if only someone would Trust me with Six Millions—!" But hereupon the train stopped with a jerk, and he fell over his bag on to the platform.

"You can't even trust Trunks nowadays," he complained, as he sat up and pointed to the portmanteau, which a zealous porter had already shouldered. "Good-bye. *Au revoir*, I mean. *Ici on parle Français*. Go on, you with the bag."

And the porter went.

Friday, April 14, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CANPACS.—The people you mention are far better left alone. If you trust them, you deserve to lose your money, for they are touts of the worst kind. All these outside brokers merely gamble against their clients, and, if things go wrong, most of them don't pay.

A. V.—Your letter was answered on the 12th inst., and the broker's name and address sent to you.

HENLEY.—The following will suit you and will give over 5 $\frac{1}{2}$, on average: (1) New York Brewery 6 per cent. Debentures, (2) United States Debenture Corporation 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pref. stock, (3) River Plate Gas Company, (4) Trustees and Executors shares. Put a couple of hundred into each.

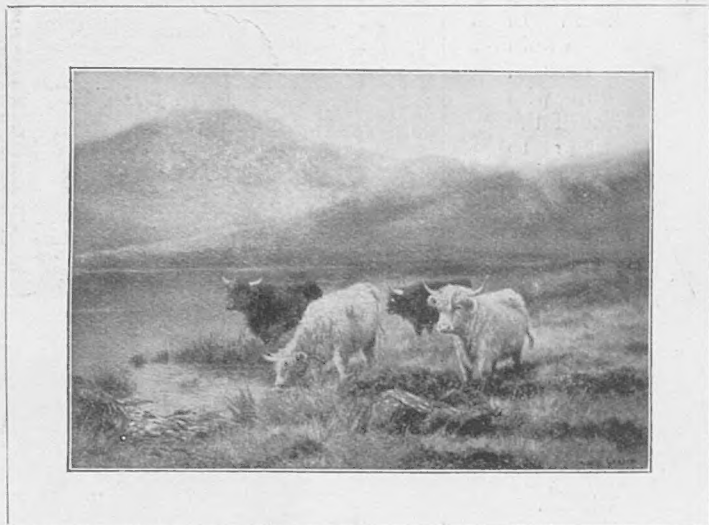
MRS. H.—All the information we can get has been sent you.

H. K.—All your securities are safe enough, and such as you and your sisters may hold without looking every day to see the price. The Gas 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock is certainly safer than the Ordinary, but there is little room for capital increase.

THE SALON.

THE Salon National des Beaux-Arts, the first of the two great spring salons in the Grand Palais of the Champs-Élysées, was opened on Thursday by President and Madame Loubet, and on Friday—varnishing day—the thousands of Parisians with privileged invitations visited the galleries. Were it not that members of the Press have been, by the kindness of the Committee, admitted to a preliminary view, we could say but little of the pictures, for the crush at the Vernissage, where Mesdames les Parisiennes flock in their thousands to see one another's new spring-dresses, is so great that the pictures form merely an unapproachable background to the ladies' toilettes. And hats this year are very, very big. The "clou" of this year's Salon is likely to prove to be the picture by the Spanish painter, Ramon Casas, of H.M. Alfonso XIII. The young King is on horseback, dressed in tourist garb, with a Scotch shawl across his shoulders. There is a fine bust, by the sculptor Rodin, of Guillaume, the ex-director of the Villa Médicis, who died a month ago; some fine portraits, by Carolus Duran and by Dubufe; and a beautiful picture of the Duchess of Sutherland, by Sargent. Among the pastels, the best is that of Dr. Doyen by Pierre Carrier-Belleuse. Foreigners are well represented in the Salon, and the American Art Colony, which grows annually in artistic importance, is particularly well represented. Gossip has it that the State will probably purchase one picture by a young American, Mr. Frieske, for the Luxembourg.

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